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VOL. I.

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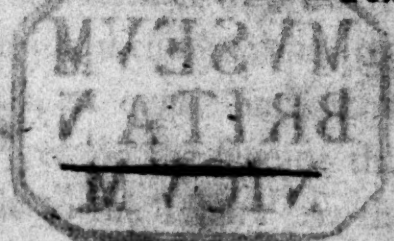
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KL A U R A

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A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE INDEPENDENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



VOL. I.

LONDON.

Printed for C. ELLIOT and T. KAY, No. 332, STRAND,  
and CHARLES ELLIOT, EDINBURGH.

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DAVID

NOVEL

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE INDEPENDENT



VOL. I.

LONDON:

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and Charles Elliot, Edinburgh.



## CHAP. I.

DESCRIBING WHAT SORT OF A MAN MR.  
WOODBINE WAS, AND WHO WERE HIS  
COMPANIONS.

**W**ILLIAM WOODBINE, esq. was a Scottish gentleman who dwelt in an antique castle on the bank of the river Tay, which, as every body knows, is the only river on the face of the earth comparable to the Tiber. At the time when I first knew him, that is, at the time of the commencement of this history, he was considerably advanced into the vale of years, yet retained all the fire and gaiety of his earliest youth. His family was one of the most ancient in those parts; a circumstance, however, which he was so far from priding himself in, that he took every opportunity

tunity of ridiculing family pride. This peculiarity, which distinguished him from the most of his neighbours, and indeed from the most of his countrymen, I must ascribe to his early and extensive acquaintance with the world. He had not remained, like a true old baron, strutting about among a few old clumsy walls, erected in the days of Gothicisin for the protection of plundering barbarians, tyrannising over his trembling vassals, and never extending his views beyond the valley wherein he first drew air; he had endeavoured to be of some use to himself and to mankind.

Upon the death of his father he had found himself in a very unpleasing situation, the estate being mortgaged for nearly its full value; and, being little satisfied with the territorial dignity of Laird, while he enjoyed hardly so much revenue as would suffice to provide him in oatcakes and potatoes throughout the year, he formed a bold scheme of making

making his own fortune. Instead, therefore, of putting on a long-skirted vest adorned with broad bars of lace, and riding about swindling from house to house, according to the use and wont of the decayed Scottish gentry, he converted what shattered fortune he had into money, and shipped himself off for the West Indies : there he entered into trade, was fortunate, and in a few years amassed a considerable sum. With this he returned to his native country, redeemed his paternal estate, repaired his ruined castle, and married a young beauty of neither family nor fortune, who died about a year after in child-bed of a daughter. Since that mournful event, he hath continued a chaste widower, living in a retired and peaceable manner, and giving himself to feasting, drinking, dancing, and other acts of good fellowship. He was said, indeed, to be at times rather too much addicted to old Madeira, and also to be



choleric in his cups ; yet I never saw him drunk above five times a week, nor fighting, but when he was provoked.

Sir Toby Martlet, who lived on the other side of Tay, was his trusty friend and ally, a man of science and ingenuity, skilled in antiquities, botany, natural history, mathematics, and controversial divinity. This was no court nor carpet knight, yet a person of great dignity in his own opinion ; and withal so greedy of respect and deference, that he never cared for stirring beyond the marches of his own grounds, because within those alone men were properly sensible of his consequence.

Although Mr. Woodbine and this knight by reciprocal courtesy called each other friends, yet their private sentiments could by no means justify the use of that sacred name. Sir Toby regarded Woodbine as a renegado from the grand doctrine of hereditary honour,

nour, who had debased his dignity by engaging in mercantile concerns, and sophisticated his ideas by conversing with burghers, till his native purity and sublimity were almost gone, and his language smelt strongly of cotton, sugar, rum, tobacco; and cent. per cent:— While Woodbine held Sir Toby for little better than a dogmatical fool who plumed himself on honours which had no real existence in nature, was utterly ignorant of the state of nations and the manners of mankind, and lay like, an oyster upon the sea-bank, spending his life in the spot where he was born. It was, indeed, more from necessity than choice that he made a companion of the knight; there being no other person in the neighbourhood when he first settled in the country who had any knowledge of goff and backgammon, and he afterwards retained him as a good, pliable, patient butt, very proper for exercising the wits of some

young men with whom Mr. Woodbine in his latter days became exceedingly intimate.

The first of these was the parish minister Mr. Brook, to whom Mr. Woodbine had given the living upon the demise of the former incumbent, a raving old fanatic. Brook was not admitted without difficulty. He was a fellow of genteel address and polished manners, had some taste in his compositions for the pulpit, and some delicacy in his action there; these were grievous faults with the vulgar: he had besides published a volume of poems, and was much addicted to the German flute; and these were weighty objections with the clergy. Some of the brethren, therefore, insinuated that he was heretical in divers points of the utmost consequence, to wit, original sin, absolute predestination, and irresistible grace; and this, had they been able to make it out, would have quickly set him aside; for



for our most orthodox divines agree that he who doubteth these things is damned eternally. But Mr. Brook defied them to mention any public discourse of his in which he had spoke one word either *pro* or *con* in regard to these doctrines; and as they could not do this, they were in the end compelled to install him. His patron found him to be what he wished, an agreeable, sensible, and modest companion; at once the clergyman and the gentleman; characters which ought never to be disjoined, yet frequently are.

Next to him in the friendship of 'Squire Woodbine was Mr. Andrew Windmill, a young gentleman of a good estate not far distant. His parents had died while he was yet a boy, leaving him and an only sister to follow their own inventions in what manner they thought best. This situation laid him under great disadvantages: he was particularly in great want of intel-

ligent friends to advise him properly how he should spend his time and money. Of his own mere motion, therefore, he took the strange resolution of finishing his studies regularly, and endeavouring to obtain a thorough acquaintance with books and men: a resolution which, though it cannot be altogether justified, yet may be in some degree excused, by the consideration of his inexperience; for, no doubt, if he had been favoured with good advice, he might have turned out a very pretty beau, or a most illustrious debauchee. His character was not easily known, because he took all the pains he could to disguise it. Glowing with universal benevolence, he often affected misanthropy, and often put on airs of indifference or ferocity while his heart was rending with pity. Penetrating in his judgment, and delicate in his feelings, he indulged himself for his amusement with many companions,

but

but selected for his comfort only one friend.

That one was a farmer's son, named Thomas Hawthorn, who, as he will probably bear a principal part in this history, deserves to be particularly introduced to the reader's acquaintance.

## C H A P. II.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. HAWTHORN.

AT the time of his birth, and for some few years after, his parents resided near Edinburgh, where his father was reckoned a man of substance. But Mrs. Hawthorn then dying, the old man grew desirous of changing the place of his abode; and, removing northward, had the luck to obtain a long and advantageous lease of a large farm from 'Squire Woodbine, who



was then just beginning his reign. Here he lived for ten years, respected as a plain honest man, and a good farmer, and died sincerely regreted by all his neighbours. He had been at such pains and expense in improving his farm, that it was now in a higher state of cultivation than any spot of ground in the county; so that young Hawthorn, who had but little genius for the manuring of land, upon subsetting it, drew a clear revenue of one hundred and ten pounds three shillings and five pence a year, besides an exclusive right to the best room in the farm-house.

This provision was equal to all the wants of such a youth as Hawthorn, who, from his childhood, had detested every thing in the least allied to extravagance or ostentation. His pleasures too were cheap, easy to be had, and always in his power. Nature poured them forth to him, with profusion inexhaustible, demanding only the

the tribute of his thanks in return, which he never failed to pay her with rapture. In summer, he received delight from every meadow, grove, stream, and mountain; and in winter, from every wind, frost, meteor, and storm. He wandered equally pleased in the cheerful sunshine and the rolling mist: he trod with equal satisfaction the flowery mead and the frozen lake; and he listened with equal enthusiasm to the warbling of the blackbird and the groaning of the woods beneath the wintry tempest.

Yet, though in general shy of company, he was no foe to man; nor were his pleasures entirely of the solitary kind. The decent beggar never passed him unaccosted; nor the anecdotal pedlar without a friendly colloquy. Many a mile would he march in disguise to be present at a country wedding; where he would dance lustily, confabulate with the fidler, sing carols

b 6

with

with the lasses, and maintain deep political disputes with the taylor, the shoemaker, and the smith. Nature alone had charms for Hawthorn.

He had, like most of his countrymen, a passion for music. There were few instruments that he could not touch; but the harpsichord and violin were his favourites; and at the latter was such an adept, that with it he could execute almost the hardest music at sight. It was this talent which first gained him the intimacy of Mr. Brook, Mr. Windmill, and Mr. Woodbine; and afterwards of a fourth more agreeable still than either of these three.

The elegance of Hawthorn's figure needed little the assistance of dress; yet this was perhaps the only article in which the economy of his expenses bordered on profusion, his clothes being in general rather costly for a man whose yearly revenue was no more



than one hundred and ten pounds three shillings and five pence. Yet, though rich, they were never gaudy, nor expressed in fancy. He had read, perhaps, what a certain ancient philosopher asserts—that such people as depend alone on personal merit cannot afford to go plain.

With his friend Mr. Windmill he had resided four winters at Glasgow, attending the classes of philosophy and law in the university there. Two years more they remained at home, revising with diligence and delight the tasks of their boyish days; enriching their minds with the immortal relics of Greece and Rome; and feasting on ideas, where their attention had formerly been confined only to words. After this they set off to make the grand tour; and though they proposed to do it with the utmost possible rapidity, as the fashion is, yet 'Squire Woodbine bore their absence with great

great impatience. Fifteen busy years had utterly disqualified that gentleman for the enjoyment of solitude; and therefore a perpetual round of avocations (no matter how trifling) were necessary to his happiness. His field employments of planting and enclosing, and his more weighty business of the law, as a justice of the peace, were all too little to drag on the dreary hours. He had recourse to a hundred ridiculous whims for the promotion of mirth, in pursuing which he was not remarkably observant of delicacy nor propriety. In forming his resolutions he was seldom influenced by any long train of reasoning. If a thought of tolerable brilliancy arose in his mind, or was suggested to him by another, he never troubled himself to consider its solidity, or to view it in different lights, but took his determination without delay. Hence his conduct was frequently absurd and unaccountable.

All

All this Windmill knew well ; and, being a great lover and promoter of what is called *fun*, he daily contrived some merriment or other to prevent the stagnation of the old gentleman's spirits. And Hawthorn, though not himself possessed of talents to " set the table on a roar," yet, from the ductility or easiness of his disposition, could seldom refuse to play an under-part in their plots.

The departure of these two adherents, therefore, was to Woodbine like the loss of a limb : he pined and languished deeply. In vain did his sister Miss Barbara, a stately young lady of three-score and two, entertain him with stories of his uncle the Colonel who was hanged for treason, and his grandfather the General who hanged himself for love ; in vain did the learned Sir Toby Martlet read to him many a curious dissertation ; the body of Mr. Woodbine indeed sat at the foot of the  
table



table sucking a pipe in a listening attitude, but his spirits were beyond the Alps with Hawthorn and Windmill.

Mr. Brook too being lately married frequented the castle less than formerly. Woodbine at length took the resolution of beating about the country in quest of game; and, in his first excursion, he discovered a subject which promised him much entertainment. This was one Mr. Dibble, an egregious coxcomb, but of a very singular cast, who taught a grammar-school in a neighbouring village. He inherited a trifling property of land in those parts, by which, and the profits of his school, he made a shift to keep himself in a most fantastic dress, neither clerical nor laical, which however he thought became him so well that no lady could possibly behold him without admiration.

This original did Woodbine bring to Birkhall, his castle; where, by the politeness of his manners and the elegance

elegance of his language, he soon gained the esteem and confidence of Miss Baby, and from her mouth learned all the family secrets. Hearing that Mr. Woodbine had an only daughter, named Laura, whom he had kept from her childhood at a boarding-school in Edinburgh, maintaining, among his other heterodox opinions, that a public was preferable to a domestic education; Mr. Dibble modestly imagined that, if this heiress were at home, he would not find great difficulty in gaining her heart. He therefore one night observed to the 'Squire that he thought it very unaccountable, and in some degree unnatural, so to speak, for him to deny himself the company of his daughter, especially of a daughter so amiable and accomplished as he heard Miss Woodbine was. To this remark Woodbine made some trifling reply; but it sunk deep into his mind, and produced some  
 serious

serious cogitations ; the result of which was, that in the morning he sent away his coach to bring Laura home.

In the mean time he received a letter from Windmill, informing him of his arrival with Hawthorn at London, and their instant purpose of visiting Birkhall. This made him quite happy ; and he waited for the arrival of his daughter and friends, as a lover waits for his mistress when the hour of appointment draws near.

### C H A P. III.

#### LAURA'S ARRIVAL.

LAURA arrived in good health. Her father received her with the most lively transport, swearing that he would part with her no more, but that she should immediately take  
upon



upon her the office of landlady, that from henceforth he might have an object at the head of his table which gentlemen might look at without stopping their noses.

Her charms were now in full bloom, she being in her eighteenth year, of a stature approaching to the tall; her arms round and white as snow, her lips of a tempting crimson, her eyes beamy and rolling, her bosom luxuriantly swelling, and shaded with ringlets black and wavy. She brought with her a companion who had been for several years her fellow-boarder, Miss Polly Martlet, niece to the knight of that name, a celebrated toast, with a fortune of six thousand pounds. This lady was considered by some as a finished beauty. Nothing indeed could be conceived finer than her face, which would certainly have set the whole male world together by the ears, if nature had not wisely clothed  
it

with an eternal smiler, devoid of all sentiment and expression. I heard besides some critics observe, that her hair was a shade too light, her neck too sharp, and her chest too flat: to which others of a different humour added, what I thought much worse, that she had no taste, very little sense, and was rich in nothing but self-conceit and low cunning. Be that as it may, for three years past she could boast of a numerous train of beaux, whose health, happiness, and even existence, depended entirely on her smile, as they themselves frequently affirmed. In collecting this respectable body she thought herself opposed for some time by Laura. Laura, equal to her in beauty, and infinitely superior in every other accomplishment, could not pass altogether unnoticed by those ingenious young gentlemen whose sole earthly employment it is to *page the heels* of ladies, and

*skip*

*skip when they point out.* And, accordingly, some of them made her a tender of their services; but she had unfortunately acquired a set of ideas particularly unfavourable for the entertainment of such 'squires. Reading some old-fashioned books, she found it observed that a man has not a jot more of merit at the bottom because his coat is well cut, unless it be of his own cutting, nor having his hair well curled, and smelling like a musk-cat, for these are the works of his barber; nor even for stringing together twenty smooth compliments and fashionable phrases, for a parrot is as capable of that as he: and, governing herself by these musty maxims, she treated the poor beaux and their smart sayings with such contemptuous looks and disdainful airs that they soon conceived a very mean opinion of her understanding, and seldom favoured her with the benefit of their conversation;



fation; Polly therefore soon regained her rebellious subjects, and reigned sole queen.

But, as the thirst of empire is insatiable, she never thought the number of her admirers large enough; and, tired of killing city beaux, she resolved to try whether the hearts of rural esquires were made of penetrable stuff. With this view she went northward to fix her summer residence at Gowkton, her uncle's mansion.

Woodbine was receiving some account of this pretty idiot from Laura, when, chancing to look towards the window, he perceived Windmill's chaise drive in at the gate, and that youth himself alight from it. Starting up at this joyful sight, and throwing down his pipe, he ran out to the court, and clasped Windmill in his arms, kissing him three times. Then, before he would suffer him to enter, he called upon Duncan the butler, whom  
he

he ordered to bring forth a cask of ale, to beat out the head, and gather as many of the tenants as he could to drink Mr. Windmill's welcome home; all which Duncan executed with great alacrity.

As soon as Windmill had paid his compliments to Laura the 'Squire began to interrogate him concerning Hawthorn, and received this information; that as they were breakfasting at an inn Hawthorn had gone out on some slight pretence, and did not return; and that Windmill, after waiting half an hour for him, had a note given him by a country fellow, on which was written with a pencil these words, *Drive on, my friend; I am gone home afoot, by a road which you know nothing of.* 'This' said Windmill, 'is one of his old romantic tricks. He left me in Italy, on the banks of the Arno, in the same manner; and I remember, as we were returning from Mount Ætna, he stole away from me one morning before I

' was

‘ was awake, leaving a card, by which  
 ‘ he appointed to meet me the next  
 ‘ week in Palermo; but I found him  
 ‘ three days after dancing with a par-  
 ‘ cel of Sicilian girls in the bottom of  
 ‘ a valley.’

He would, perhaps, have related more instances of this kind, had not the attention of his auditors been called off by a loud huzza from the jovial crew which Duncan had assembled around his barrel. Woodbine, always obedient to the call of mirth and festivity, immediately sallied forth, not to quell the noise, but to increase it, by ordering two fiddlers to be sent for, and Duncan to prepare his great Highland bagpipes, on which he was a most skilful performer. The scrapers soon came, the drones were soon tuned; and, after an introductory *trio*, the country dances began.

*Laura* had an ear too refined to endure patiently the discordant screams  
 of



of the butler's instrument; observing, therefore, when her father was earnestly engaged in a country dance, she slipped from the hall, and, passing unobserved through the gate, wandered down to the river's side. Here the sounds from which she had fled, softened by the distance, came floating in confusion on the breeze, inspiring her with a delicious feeling of melancholy tranquillity. She walked beneath some aged elms, whose bending branches kissed the midway stream: on the other side was a shattered precipice, overgrown with venerable pines and oaks: the soft winds lightly waved the woods above; the river flowed babbling on along its rocky bed; and the whole landscape now glowed in the ruddy light of the declining sun. Laura had not walked far till she met a little girl, tripping and singing, with a small blue ribbon about her head, of which she seemed to be mighty proud: "Who gave

“ you this pretty ribbon, my dear ?”  
 said Laura.—“ Maister Hawthorn,”  
 answered the little thing, and tript  
 away. Scarce was she gone, when a  
 chubby-faced boy advanced, gnawing  
 at a lump of gingerbread with great  
 satisfaction, to whom she put a similar  
 question ; but his mouth being too full  
 for speech, he scratched his head, and  
 pointed to a woman who was coming  
 up with a child in her arms. Laura  
 stopped her, and observed that she  
 had got a fine child ; “ Ah ! poor  
 “ thing,” said the woman, “ it is so  
 “ pleased, and so happy with its  
 “ whistle, and its fine new ribbon !  
 “ may heaven bless him who gave  
 “ them !” “ Who was it ?” asked  
 Laura. “ Who !” cried the woman,  
 “ O, an’t please your Ladyship, the  
 “ best hearted gentleman in the wide  
 “ world, Mr. Hawthorn—Yes, there  
 “ is not a better breathes. Dear soul !  
 “ the God of heaven will bless him.  
 “ Joekey,

“ Jockey, come here you rogue, and  
 “ clean your mouth ; he gave you all  
 “ that gingerbread too ; and what is  
 “ more, my Lady, about three years  
 “ ago, he almost drowned himself to  
 “ save this shabby little fellow, who  
 “ tumbled into a deep place of the  
 “ water.” “ Where is this Mr.  
 “ Hawthorn ?” said Laura. “ Yon-  
 “ der,” answered the woman, “ yon-  
 “ der, in the smith’s yard, on the  
 “ camomile seat, with all the children  
 “ of the village about him.”

Laura passed on, with hasty steps,  
 beneath the shade, till she got behind  
 the smith’s hedge ; there she beheld  
 Hawthorn leaning carelessly on his  
 elbow, with about a dozen of sturdy  
 little imps, gamboling around him,  
 whom he treated with sugar-plumbs  
 and other sweat-meats, whereof he had  
 good store in his pockets. Laura had  
 studied history, and often had felt her  
 soul moved, as with the sound of a  
 c 2 trumpet,



trumpet, to read of mighty battles lost and won: but neither Xerxes at Thermopylæ, Alexander at Arbela, Charles at Bender, nor any other ancient or modern madman, in their most critical situations, had ever inspired her with half the emotion which she now felt at the view of a young man diverting himself with a few poor children.

Reader, let us thank heaven for all things; and, among the rest, for the variety of tastes given to men in their diversions. One man is diverted by planning vast cities, erecting lofty obelisks, and building stupendous pyramids: another can be diverted with nothing less than exterminating nations that have done him no harm, and desolating countries that might do him much good: a third diverts himself very well by diffusing happiness through a country village.

## C H A P. IV.

## MR. HAWTHORN'S ARRIVAL.

NEXT day, Hawthorn getting up betimes, repaired to Birkhall, where he found 'Squire Woodbine sucking his morning pipe before the gate. The 'Squire, in a rapture of joy, threw his pipe in the air, and folded the youth in his arms with his usual triple salute, being unable to say any more than "Ah, my dear Tom!" then he seized him by the arm, and lugged him into the castle, bawling all the way for his daughter.

Miss Baby, hearing the whole house ring with the name of Laura, bolted out of her chamber, and rebuked her brother sharply for the noise he made; telling him, that the young Lady was perhaps at her meditations or contem-

plations, and ought not to be disturbed with such unseasonable *vociferation*.

“ Go to the devil,” quoth Woodbine,  
 “ with your contemplations! Here is  
 “ a man come to see her, who, by the  
 “ Lord, will please her better than  
 “ either Dr. Hicks or Dr. Hervey, and  
 “ is fitter, in every respect, to assist  
 “ her meditations. *Salue nec minimo*  
 “ *puella naso*. Good-morrow, Madam  
 “ Long-nose. Come on Tom: what  
 “ ho! Laura, I say!”

Covered with blushes like the rosy morning, Laura at length appeared, and received the salute of Hawthorn with a most charming confusion, which unluckily he could not perceive, as his own was as great. Many compliments now past, to say the truth, rather broken and unconnected; for both parties felt more than they were able, or perhaps at present willing, to express. Woodbine seeing how foolish they looked, and thinking that his presence incommoded



incommoded them, thrust them into a little parlour, bidding Hawthorn look if the harpsichord there was in order, while he went to hasten breakfast; then locking them in, he put the key in his pocket, and having got a new pipe, resumed his perambulation before the gate. The prisoners, who had spoken with difficulty before, would now have become absolutely speechless, had it not been for the lucky hint of the harpsichord which the old man gave them. This instrument had belonged to Mrs. Woodbine; and Hawthorn, of late years, had been in use of putting it in order from time to time; a few strings only were at present out of tune, which he soon rectified; he then resigned his seat to the young Lady, who singled out a grand lesson, in which she exerted herself to the utmost, displaying great delicacy, rapidity, and command of finger. Hawthorn hung in ecstacy on

the back of her chair, gazing on her ivory fingers as they flew along the keys, and devouring up the luxurious harmony which she artfully drew from the trembling chords.

In the mean time the 'Squire, having smoked his pipe, went in quest of Miss Baby, to whom he imparted, with a very anxious face, that his daughter had retired to the low parlour with Mr. Hawthorn, on some unseemly purpose he feared: "They are making  
 " a noise" said he, " upon the *hum-*  
 " *strum*; but that you know, Sister,  
 " may be easily done." "The Lord  
 " have mercy upon us!" cried Miss  
 " Baby, " my niece will be overthrown,  
 " supplanted, and constipated! The  
 " unfullied blood of our family will  
 " be *contemnated* by a low-born fel-  
 " low! Brother, Brother, it is your  
 " own fault: I have often *disuaded*  
 " you not to admit that fellow so  
 " familiarly into your house." "But,"  
 said

said the 'Squire, " I hope things are  
 " not in such a bad situation as you  
 " apprehend; my daughter is a pru-  
 " dent girl." " Tell not me of  
 " prudence," answered the venerable  
 virgin; " when a young lady goes  
 " into a private room with a fellow,  
 " prudence always leaves her at the  
 " door. You know nothing of those  
 " matters, Brother, although you can  
 " speak Latin; but I have read a  
 " great deal: I have studied *entology*,  
 " *chronology*, and the doctrine of the  
 " passions, and—" " Well," inter-  
 rupted the 'Squire, " if you think  
 " there is really any danger, we had  
 " better go and try to prevent it than  
 " stand here disputing upon *entology*,  
 " *chronology*, and the doctrine of  
 " the passions." So saying, he ac-  
 companied her to the parlour door,  
 which, taking the key from his pocket,  
 he opened very calmly, and called  
 upon his daughter and Hawthorn to



come to breakfast. Miss Baby, though daily accustomed to such tricks, did not fail to read him a long lecture upon the impropriety and *indecoration* of his behaviour.

After breakfast, the Squire took Hawthorn to view some improvements which he had made in his garden; but they had not walked long there till they were summoned home by a message; Miss Polly Martlet and Captain Blossom being arrived.

This Captain Blossom was truly a youth of wonderful accomplishments, considering the short time in which he had acquired them; it being not more than two or three years since he had been taken from the grammar-school and the nursery. He had a perfect knowledge of all the military affairs that are necessary for a holiday captain to know. He could strut about through the ranks on the parade, swear at the men, set their hats, and brandish

brandish his hanger with astonishing courage; he could, moreover, flourish his spontoon, in the general salute, and pull off his hat with the best grace imaginable; and this he had done in three several reviews with admirable intrepidity and presence of mind; without being in the least daunted at the fearful screaming of the fifes, the roaring of the drums, the dying groans of the bassoons and horns, and all the other warlike noises that usually rend the sky at that awful moment. For six months he had reigned lord paramount of Polly's train; and fired with the hope of maintaining that post of glory, he had pursued her route closely, resolving to watch the fortunes of her summer campaign.

Occupied as Polly was by the attentions of this hero, the appearance of Hawthorn failed not to strike her. The strength and fine shapes of his limbs she little observed; the placid

mildness of his countenance she could not feel; but the splendor of his green silk vest, edged with gold, rivetted her eyes; and the coat which he wore was so peculiarly charming, that she must have accosted it, though it had been only hung on a wig-block, or on a stick at a taylor's door; she, therefore, began to ply him with ogles, and asked him a multitude of trifling questions, to which he made very laconic answers. His reserve was certainly unpolite; but Hawthorn was no faultless monster; and I must set it down as a blemish in his character, that he was apt to conceive, at first sight, a violent disgust at particular persons, insomuch that he could hardly treat them with common civility. Miss Polly unhappily chanced to excite that wayward disposition, which manifested itself in his careless answers and cold looks. These the lady laid up carefully in her remembrance,



brance, not without hope of making him one day repent them.

Stepping aside to Laura, she asked with eagerness, who this dull, gloomy fellow was? Laura, who loved to give proper information to improper curiosity, replied, that this dull gloomy fellow was a playhouse fidler, for whom her papa had a foolish fondness.

## C H A P. V.

### CONVERSATION OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

CAPTAIN BLOSSOM had begun a fine little pretty tale, of which he himself was the hero, but was interrupted, to the great joy of Mr. Woodbine, by the appearance of Sir Toby Martlet, Mr. Brook, and Mr. Windmill. "We are come, my worthy neighbour," quoth the Knight, "to crave your  
" attention

“ attention to the final decision of that  
 “ important controversy lately agi-  
 “ tated between this reverend gentle-  
 “ man and myself, in relation to the  
 “ Greek music. Since my victory, he  
 “ pretends to have discovered new  
 “ lights.”—“ Pardon me, Sir Toby,”  
 interrupted Mr. Brook, “ I have no  
 “ such pretence; I have only put my  
 “ thoughts on the subject into some  
 “ form and order, which gives me  
 “ confidence to hazard a fresh en-  
 “ counter, especially as I hope my  
 “ travelled friends here will be on my  
 “ side.”—“ I care not who is on your  
 “ side,” cried the Knight, “ while  
 “ truth is on mine!”

“ Begin then,” said Woodbine,  
 “ and quickly; this day is too warm  
 “ for bowls or nine-pins,—and I hate  
 “ sleeping before dinner.”—Mr.  
 Brook drew from his pocket a bundle  
 of papers. “ Demme!” whispered  
 Captain Blossom, “ here shall we have  
 “ a sermon :

“ a sermon: Miss Polly, won't you  
 “ fetch a walk till it is finished? I  
 “ have a world of fine things to tell  
 “ you.”—She gladly consented, and  
 they left the room abruptly. The par-  
 son, not feeling, or seeming not to feel,  
 the unmannerly slight, read his dis-  
 course with composure and precision.

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*On the supposed Difference between the  
 Music of the ANCIENTS and MO-  
 DERNS.*

THERE is, I believe, no circumstance relating to the Ancients of which we know less than of their music. The accounts that have come to us of it, are conceived in terms so ambiguous, and often so unintelligible, that they have given rise to explanations extremely forced and systems extremely vague.

Commentators, carried away by the rage of verbal criticism, have imagined  
 that



that they understood perfectly the meaning of every technical phrase employed in those musical fragments; and, in that imagination, have set themselves to frame hypotheses which one can make nothing of. Those it is not my design to consider. It were but an unpleasant task, and I could hope for but little attention to it from intelligent hearers. I only mean to take a view of the particulars in which the ancient music is thought to differ from the modern, and to examine upon the principles of common sense, how far that difference is agreeable to truth or probability; without troubling myself whether Simonides or Pythagoras added the eighth chord to the lyre, or whether the string *proslambanomenos* was the fifteenth or sixteenth note in the scale.

It is now too late, I fear, for any thing to be said that can merit much notice, in regard to the first origin of music.

music. Any one may make a conjecture, and that is perhaps all that can be made. We may suppose, that music, like the other fine arts, took its rise from the love of imitation. The same propensity which inclined men to frame representations of striking objects in blocks of wood or stone, to sketch them on plain surfaces with lines of different colours, or to describe them in language of uncommon strength and beauty, would naturally move them to imitate any sound which gave them pleasure.

There are in nature many sounds which can never be heard by a person of feeling without a most pleasing emotion. And as genius and sensibility are bestowed, perhaps indiscriminately on every age of the human race, we may take it for granted that music was almost coeval with man himself. Some soul of fire there would always be, to whom the warbling

ling of song-birds, the murmur of waters, or even the whistling of winds, would give rapture. In his hours of leisure, memory would recal those feelings of delight, and imagination represent their causes as actually present. From this, he would be led to amuse himself by attempting the imitation of such pleasing sounds, in circumstances where their real existence was impossible. He would discover, with infinite satisfaction, that he not only possessed a power of imitating those notes which had caught his fancy, but of inventing and executing new combinations, expressive of his various passions and feelings. Communicating this discovery to his companions, to spirits warm and sensible like his own, the field of observation would be quickly widened; and it would soon be found that the human voice was itself the most delightful sound in nature. Its powers, of consequence, would  
be



be cultivated; its various expressions would be remarked, and applied to their proper occasions; or, which is more probable, Nature herself would dictate the expression which best agreed with every occasion where melody was proper.

Hence many different situations would suggest different airs. The smiling attendant of a nuptial solemnity—the dejected mourners of the dead—the exulting warrior returning from the battle—the shepherd reclined in his peaceful valley—the hunter in the animation of the chase—and the fisher floating at leisure on the waves; would naturally breathe strains of characters very different, and also very expressive. In one character, however, they would all agree; that is, simplicity. Being produced by the natural intuations of the human voice, those melodies would be disfigured by no intricate passages of difficult execution, of ambiguous expression,

pression, or of no expression at all. Their strains would be short; their intervals neither too minute nor too wide; their character strongly marked, and their effect powerful. As they came from the heart when composed, so they would infallibly reach the heart when performed: and when, by the progress of refinement, instruments came to be invented, I think that they would be only used in accompanying or imitating the voice, and that the first instrumental music was only the most favourite vocal airs.

— Nor is all this a mere dream of *what would probably be*, and *what naturally might have been*: it is confirmed by proof positive, as far as the nature of the subject will admit of proof. The description which I have given of what I imagine to have been the primitive music, is exactly the description of the oldest songs that have come down to us, either by writing or tradition;

dition; and also of those produced at this day by nations in the rudest stages of society.

If this principle be true then, that the natural and unforced inflections of the human voice are the foundation of all music, the original scale to which all melodies must have some resemblance; it will follow, that there must prevail a general resemblance in all the music that ever was on earth; or, at least, that the music of no age nor nation could differ totally and essentially from that of any other age and nation. Human nature, though infinitely varied in its appearances, has still many characters fixed and invariable. It is possible to bring together six men, whereof one shall be pale white, another ruddy, a third yellow, a fourth copper-coloured, a fifth brown, and the last black; yet if an anatomist were to examine the internal structure of those mens bodies, he would, I apprehend, find no remarkable



remarkable difference. Many various languages are spoken on the earth, each possessing singularities in structure and sound; some soft and flowing, others uncouth and harsh; some grave and majestic, others garrulous and familiar; some rich and expressive, others poor and feeble: but a grammarian can trace through the whole of human speech a most wonderful similarity, and shew that the same principal classes of words are found in every dialect under heaven.

In the fine arts, the same likeness can be traced. Some ancient Greek poems may be produced, beautifully finished and harmonious; some from the northern countries, wild, abrupt, and gloomy; some from the Gaelic, plaintive and tender; and some from the modern nations of the East, passionate, and full of imagery: but if all those were translated into English, a person of taste could read them all  
with

with pleasure, because he would find them all agreeing in what is most essential to poetry—the power of touching the heart, or presenting lively images to the mind. So painting and sculpture prevail universally, though unequally: among savage nations they are found in a very rude state; the Chinese are said to be ignorant of perspective, and of the *chiaro oscuro*: and, even among the schools of Europe, remarkable differences of manner have taken place. But every where, the scope and design of those arts is the same; an imitation of something existing in nature or in fancy. Music too is diffused over all. Wherever men have the powers of speech, they have also those of song. By the invention of musical notation, we have been enabled to gather specimens of melody from every quarter of the globe, and they are found to be all essentially alike; all, at least that ever

I have

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I have

I have seen, may be adapted to the Diatonic scale, sung by a good voice, and played on the harpsichord or violin.

There is only one thing which contradicts this universal similarity; that is, the common opinion entertained of the ancient Greek music: it is believed, on the faith of certain interpreters of a few obscure fragments, that there existed in Greece a music totally and essentially different from any thing now known. The most striking peculiarities of that music are these three:—1. That its intervals were extremely minute: 2. That it consisted only of melody: And, 3. That it had amazing power over the passions and affections. And if all that has been said of it in these three particulars were just, we must be forced to conclude, that the human ear has lost nearly all its sensibility—that harmony is useless—and  
that

that the modern music has hardly any power at all : but these are very hard sayings, and not easily to be admitted by a man who has any relish for the minstrelsy of this present world, who will quickly perceive each of them fraught with absurdity.

I. Of the three genera in use among the Greeks, the Enharmonic was the most delightful, the most difficult, and, to complete our wonder, the first invented. This is truly miraculous, for it contradicts the ordinary course of nature. In the Enharmonic genus, we are told, the scale was divided into quarter-tones. So minute a division is now never attempted, except perhaps by some exquisite performers, in an occasional passage, to shew the suppleness of their throats, or the volubility of their fingers; it is then regarded as a great refinement, and relished only by adepts in the art. But the Ancients, by the extraordinary



nary flexibility of their wind-pipes, were enabled to execute, and by the acuteness of their ears to relish, whole chorusses and cantatas, composed entirely of those hacked and chopped intervals. That this kind of music too was the earliest, is a most singular fact in the progress of art. The first painters used no demi-tints;—the first poets wrote no regular dramas;—the first architects reared no Corinthian pillars; but the first musicians, ere they had well strung their harps and bored their flutes, used quarter-tones! If we must believe this, it can only be upon the same principle, that a certain father believed a certain mystery—*credo quia impossibile*.

The experiments of Rameau and Tartini, have shewn the modern Diatonic scale to be no arbitrary division and arrangement of sounds, but to have a real foundation in nature. From whence it follows, that notes  
not

not reducible to that scale can never be agreeable ; for what is unnatural must be always disagreeable : and consequently, that such notes cannot deserve the name of music, the essential character of which is to please. I believe this will be found to hold good in regard to the music of every country. When the Jesuit missionaries went to China, they wrote down the songs of that country, and played them on the organ, to the utter astonishment of the sage natives. Chardin has given us a Persian air, Du Halde a Chinese one, and Mersenne one sung by the natives of Canada : those are all purely Diatonic, without so much as an accidental semitone. The howls indeed of savages, the Highland coronach, or the Indian war-hoop, may not be easily adapted to the harpsichord : but who will dignify such noises with the name of music ? Who can listen, without

d 2                    shuddering,

shuddering, to the horrid sound produced by sliding a finger along a string of the violoncello in play? Yet that very abominable frightful squall, represents the favourite melody of the Greeks, if the learned interpreters of their musical fragments are in the right. One is, therefore, tempted to conclude, without ceremony, that they are in the wrong. That the Ancients made use of minute intervals, on particular occasions, may be easily credited: such have been practised by every musician, and their effect is great: but that they had whole airs, and pieces composed of quarter-tones, which no throat through which the breath of life passes (not even that of a castrato) can now execute; is just as credible as that they had Ionic columns with shafts no thicker than one's finger, and fine verses without measure or cadence.



II. Nor is it credible that they were altogether ignorant of *harmony* or *counterpoint*. We know that they used instruments of various strings; we know also that they played with several flutes at once; things not to be done long without discovering agreeable consonances. Could any person, of a musical ear, though unacquainted with the composition of a bass, practise tunes on the harpsichord without feeling the effect of *fifths* and *thirds*? There is even a fact which seems to put this beyond dispute. No country has yet been discovered, where some kind of harmony is not practised. The African negroes have an instrument, not unlike a rude harpsichord, on which they play accompaniments to their songs. All savages delight in drumming, which is a sort of ground bass. The bag-pipe, by its very construction, produces, now and then at least, some chords of harmony; it is, perhaps, the most universal instrument :

ment : it prevails among the Scots Highlanders, the Irish, the Swiss, the Spanish peasants, the Moors, and, if I am not mistaken, it appears by some monuments to have been known to the old Romans. The great navigator Cooke found, in the South Sea islands, a species of symphonic music wonderfully refined; it was sung in two parts, and the whole movement went by sharp and flat thirds alternately till the close, when it divided into three, and ended with the perfect chord. This is not far removed from the structure of our common duets. And can we believe, that a polished, refined, elegant, and luxurious people, were ignorant of what is discoverable by savages? Or that they should be pleased with music, deprived of what constitutes half its charms to most other nations on earth?

III. But chiefly the extraordinary effects recorded of the ancient music, have contributed

contributed to strengthen the opinion that it was essentially different from ours. What musician can now burn a town like Timotheus? charm a hungry wolf, like Pythocharis? or soothe a frantic mob, like Terpander? Let us remember, however, that in rude ages, and among the vulgar in every age, small displays of art make a very great figure. We have heard of Bacon making a head of brass to speak;—we have heard of Fust making the devil his amanuensis;—why should we wonder to hear of Arion riding on a dolphin? Thus it always is; when facts of an extraordinary nature are heard of, extraordinary causes are adduced to account for them. It were better calmly to examine the facts themselves.

I confess I see nothing in all the stories of wonderful emotions excited by the ancient music, to persuade me that it had any powers superior to, or



different from, the modern. It seems needless, for example, to ascribe the burning of Persepolis to the lyre of Timotheus, if we consider that Alexander was then drunk, and instigated to that frantic action by an abandoned woman, probably in the same state of intoxication with himself. Persepolis would have been burnt, though Timotheus had been no better performer than those delectable minstrels who play to our country dances.

It is notorious, that the effect of musical expression is often heightened or hindered by many accessory circumstances; and chiefly, perhaps, by the association of ideas. The Swiss have an air called *Rances de Vaches*, which, played in certain cases, hath astonishing power over them. It gives them so irresistible a desire of returning to their homes, that, when prevented, melancholy, sickness, and even death, are the consequences. But  
he

he who should conclude from this account, that the air is different from all other European music, and adorned with melodies more expressive, would find himself wofully mistaken. It has, in truth, very little musical merit; it is heard with indifference or contempt by every one but a Swiss; and on him it works, only by awakening the patriot passion in his heart, calling up, by the magic of association, his native mountains, lakes, and torrents, and the humble happy shed, where, in his better days, he listened to this wild melody.

Few unprejudiced persons will affirm, that the Highland bag-pipe is an instrument capable of great and varied expression; that the performers on it were ever men of great musical science, or their compositions possess of any great merit: yet, perhaps, that sort of noise peculiar to them, hath excited stronger emotions than ever did

the chorusses of Handel, or the cadences of Farinelli. We should, therefore, conclude, that no music now is worthy of being compared to the groanings and yellings of the Highland Pibroch ; for such is the mode of reasoning used by our antiquaries.

After these scruples, arising from the intrinsic nature of this subject, I have only a few reflections to hazard, which I think go near to prove that the common opinion of the ancient and modern music, as being quite distinct, is both improbable and unnatural.

1. If the distinction was, indeed, so palpable, it might be expected that we should know precisely when and how the mighty revolution in the world of sound was brought about. When was it then, that bare melody began to be tiresome and insipid to the human ear? What capricious power superadded to the original appetites and feelings of mankind one entirely



entirely new—the relish of harmony? When was it that the ancient tetrachords suddenly vanished from the minds of all the minstrels, and the modern octaves usurped their place? When did the ears of men wax so gross, and their fingers so stiff, that they could no more feel nor execute that refined melody, which made the theatres of Greece and Rome burst with applause?—Now, all this lies involved in utter darkness. It is said, indeed, that so late as the eleventh century, either St. Gregory, or Guido Aretino, invented the Diatonic scale; and the latter gave names to the notes of it from the hymn of St. John the Baptist—a morsel of history which I find very hard of digestion, and somewhat resembling Livy's account of the solution of the Alps in vinegar by that great chymist Hannibal. To bring about any change in music, Guido must have been skilled in the

music of his own time, whatever it was. The scale then in use, must have been as fixed in his mind, as the Diatonic scale in the mind of the modern musician. What an attempt must it then have been, to contrive one totally different?—Such an attempt as experience has shewn to be impracticable. It is not long since a French musician, Blainville, thought to have invented a new mode, neither major nor minor, which he called the mixed mode. But neither could he himself ascertain the chords of his scale, nor make it intelligible to the hearers, when he had it performed in the *Concerte Spirituelle* at Paris.—Even allowing Guido to have compassed the invention, how was he enabled to introduce it with such rapidity, that in a few years it not only spread over Italy, but even through France and Germany?—Musicians, like all other artists, are very tenacious of their customs.

customs. Several attempts have been made to introduce only a new musical character, and one in particular by Rousseau, which had many advantages; yet the artists universally treated them with contempt, and they never, as far as I know, got admittance into any theatre. Can we believe, that all the choristers and monks in Italy would have patiently submitted to have their mouths shut up at once in doleful silence? That, however, they must have done, unless “singing-masters” had been sent into every parish, “like unto excise-men, to do away their over-abundant quaver and trilling, and institute the *sol-fa* in such guise as was sung by Guido.”

2. This opinion of an entire difference, is also unnatural. The same poetry that charmed the Greeks, charms us; and we admire the same architecture that they admired. How could their ears be so differently formed,



formed, that sounds, which gave to them the most delicious raptures, should torture us worse than the grinding of knives, the creaking of wheels, and all the execrable noises to which “-Harmony ay shuts her gentle ear?” *Natura sibi consona*, say the philosophers. Why, in this one case, is she so vilely discordant?

That the style of music is different at different periods of time, and in different nations, cannot be denied; but we perceive nothing like an essential difference. The old canons and motets differ from the modern glees and rondeaus; and the music of France differs from that of Italy; yet one musician can understand them all. The same thing is true of all the fine arts. The Tales of Chaucer, for example, differ widely from the Epistles of Pope; yet a person of taste can read and relish them both. But there are some airs and some poems that  
 please

please always and every where; because they are the language of nature. Homer has been admired for two thousand years, and he will be admired to the end of the world. Some Scotch songs gave pleasure three hundred years ago, and we hear them at this day with rapture; they delight the most ignorant peasant, and the most refined dilettante. We know that some eminent Italian masters have been passionately fond of them. Geminiani, one of the first musical names of the last age, thought it not beneath him to set accompaniments and symphonies to *The Lass of Patie's Mill*, and variations, with a most elegant bass to *An' thou wert my ain Thing*. Those happy productions of genius preserve eternal freshness;—"age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety:" and they prove, that there exists in nature a musical expression, adapted  
to

to the musical sense of man, and unrestricted to place or time.

It seems, therefore, our wisdom to express ourselves modestly on a subject so dubious and dark, and rather to confess that we are totally ignorant of what the ancient music was, than to encourage the wild supposition that it was totally distinct from the modern. Nor will this confession appear too humiliating, if it be considered, that there are very few terms relating to poetry or music which the ancient critics have used in a determined sense. We find it almost impossible to assign them any fixed ideas; because we find them employed to express most vague and even opposite meanings.

Why might we not suppose, that music, like the other fine arts, died with the Roman empire; or, at least, was thrown into such violent convulsions, as no longer to resemble the lovely



lovely form the originally bore? That, after languishing many years in this state, she was gradually recovered by the happy efforts of some extraordinary geniuses; and by continued application, restored to life, to vigour, and to beauty?

With a modest bow, the parson ended his discourse, of which the most of his audience express their approbation in very flattering terms. Woodbine only objected to those passages where the bag-pipe and bagpipers were mentioned irreverently. But Sir Toby, ready to burst with indignation, cried out:

“ If any thing could increase my  
 “ astonishment at the daring and un-  
 “ precedented attack made on anti-  
 “ quity by this reverend gentleman,  
 “ it would be the extreme facility  
 “ with

“ with which his sceptical notions are  
 “ received! Music among the An-  
 “ cients was held in such veneration,  
 “ that a prophet, a man of wisdom,  
 “ and a musician, were synonymous  
 “ terms; so the great critic informs  
 “ us, *iidem musici, et vates, et sapientes*  
 “ *judicarentur*. Could this music,  
 “ Gentlemen, be the same with the  
 “ contemptible fiddling of these later  
 “ ages? Which of our fiddlers are  
 “ prophets, or even wise men?—  
 “ Which of them are respected;—  
 “ far less venerated?—Consider, Gen-  
 “ tlemen, what prodigious effects this  
 “ different estimation must have pro-  
 “ duced. It is an infallible remark  
 “ of the philosophic orator, that arts  
 “ must flourish or fade, as they are  
 “ encouraged: *omnes incenduntur ad*  
 “ *studia, gloria: jacentque ea semper,*  
 “ *quæ apud quosque improbantur.*—  
 “ Among the Greeks, the highest  
 “ erudition was placed in the sound  
 “ of

“ of strings and voices. *Summam*  
 “ *eruditionem* (saith Cicero) *Græci*  
 “ *sitam censebant in nervorum vocumque*  
 “ *cantibus.* Their gravest philoso-  
 “ phers practised music. *Quid de*  
 “ *philosophis loquor,* (saith Quintilian)  
 “ *quorum fons ipse Socrates jam senex*  
 “ *institui lyra non erubescit.* Their  
 “ kings, their princes, their warriors,  
 “ all delighted in this charming art.  
 “ At all their convivial meetings, the  
 “ harp was handed round, and he  
 “ who could not touch it was deemed  
 “ ill-bred, unpolished, unacquainted  
 “ with the Graces. *Duces maximos*  
 “ *et fidibus et tibiis cecinisse traditum;*  
 “ Quintilian again. And Cicero  
 “ again; *Themistocles, cum in opulis*  
 “ *recusasset lyram, habitus est indoctior.*  
 “ I remember *Ælian* remarks, that  
 “ Achilles was a good musician, and  
 “ that the first thing he took among  
 “ the spoils of the enemy was a  
 “ harp:



“ harp: την κιθαραν πρωτην ἐκ των λα-  
 “ φωνων ἔλαβε.—Which is confirmed  
 “ by what afterwards happened, when  
 “ Alexander came to Ilium, and was  
 “ shewn the lyre of Paris. I would  
 “ be better pleased, said he, to see the  
 “ lyre of Achilles. And no wonder  
 “ (as the historian remarks) that he  
 “ should rather desire the instrument  
 “ of a bold soldier, which wont to  
 “ sound the praises of noble heroes,  
 “ than the paltry fiddle of a court-  
 “ beau, which never sounded any  
 “ thing but bawdy songs to women  
 “ and whoremasters. All these facts,  
 “ Gentlemen, being considered, shall  
 “ we hesitate a moment to conclude,  
 “ that there was something divine in  
 “ the Greek music, which is now  
 “ utterly lost?—Shall we compare to  
 “ the music which was cultivated by  
 “ such men as Socrates and Epami-  
 “ nondas, the droning sounds that  
 “ struck

“ struck the brain of a poor dreaming  
 “ monk chanting his vespers?—*Abfit!*  
 “ Far be it from us!—at least till  
 “ Mr. Brook can shew us some corre-  
 “ sponding facts in modern history;  
 “ and upon his inability to do that,  
 “ I rest the dispute.”

“ I accept the challenge,” said the  
 Parson, “ and beg you my dear Sir  
 “ Toby, to arm yourself with pa-  
 “ tience and resignation to bear a  
 “ defeat; for I can with great ease,  
 “ parallel every case you have brought  
 “ so learnedly from the records of  
 “ antiquity.—It is the sport to have  
 “ the engineer hoist with his own  
 “ petar.—I will shew you, Sir, kings,  
 “ princes, nobles, philosophers, and  
 “ divines, all cultivating, and even  
 “ excelling in this delightful art.—  
 “ That I be not tedious, I shall just  
 “ run over some names of eminence.  
 “ The King of Prussia on the German  
 “ flute excelled his master, Quantz.  
 “ The

“ The Elector of Saxony on the viol  
 “ d’amour is scarcely inferior to Abel.  
 “ The Earl of Kelly, in composition,  
 “ is inferior to no musician that ever  
 “ lived; and some of his movements  
 “ are so charming as hardly to be  
 “ paralleled in the works of any.—  
 “ Then, for philosophers, we have  
 “ Rousseau, D’Alembert, and Dr.  
 “ Beattie;—for divines, we have  
 “ Jortin, Felton, Aldrich, Martini,  
 “ Mersenne,—and I doubt not many  
 “ more whom I never heard of.—I  
 “ recollect a circumstance which ex-  
 “ actly matches Sir Toby’s anecdote  
 “ of *Achilles’ taking a harp as the first*  
 “ *of the spoils.* When Berlin was  
 “ taken by the combined army of  
 “ Austrians, Saxons, and Russians,—  
 “ the only spoil that Prince Esterhasi  
 “ took from the palace of Potsdam  
 “ was a picture and *two flutes.* In  
 “ regard to the article of *encourage-*  
 “ *ment,* I think Sir Toby particularly  
 “ unfortunate,



“unfortunate, as the professors of  
 “music in modern times have always  
 “been most profusely encouraged.  
 “Which of the ancient minstrels re-  
 “ceived a thousand pounds for two  
 “operas, as Handel did for Fara-  
 “mondo and Aleffandro Severo?—  
 “Or which of them spent five thou-  
 “sand in two years, as I have been  
 “told S—— did not long ago?—Of  
 “the *prophetic gifts* of our musicians,  
 “indeed, or of their *great wisdom*, I  
 “cannot boast much; and therefore  
 “am willing to give up those articles,  
 “on condition that Sir Toby give up  
 “his bitter taunt at the music of our  
 “times, which he styles, *the droning*  
 “*sounds that struck the brain of a poor*  
 “*dreaming monk chanting his vespers.*  
 “Let us even suppose it a fact, that  
 “Guido conceived the modern scale  
 “of the octave, by a sort of inspira-  
 “tion, as he was singing vespers;—  
 “what room will this afford for con-  
 “tempt?

“tempt?—The manner of any in-  
 “vention neither increases nor dimi-  
 “nishes its merit. The inventions of  
 “gun-powder and phosphorus are  
 “not despicable, because they were  
 “accidentally hit upon in one of the  
 “most ridiculous pursuits that ever  
 “engaged the human mind—that of  
 “the philosopher’s stone. But the  
 “story is a most silly legend, unworthy  
 “of credit. Guido himself has left  
 “us a treatise upon the supposed dis-  
 “covery. Like the writings of most  
 “of his brother monks, it is abun-  
 “dantly obscure; but as far as can  
 “be understood, he says only that he  
 “adapted the syllables *ut, re, fa, mi,*  
 “and *la*, to the notes of the scale, by  
 “such means rendering it easier to  
 “learners. And if he had done no  
 “more for the advancement of min-  
 “strelsy, I see nothing in it to exalt  
 “him above most of our ordinary  
 “singing-masters, who are generally  
 “at

“ at great pains to distinguish their  
 “ method of teaching each by some  
 “ particular knack. But his inven-  
 “ tion of Polyplectra, or keyed in-  
 “ struments, has deservedly placed  
 “ him among the first musical ge-  
 “ niuses, and perhaps contributed as  
 “ much as any thing to fix upon him  
 “ the character of a thorough re-  
 “ former.”

Triumph now smiled on the Par-  
 son's brow. He had before disputed  
 this question with the Knight, and  
 been overpowered by superior weight  
 of literary metal. But now his unex-  
 pected and pointed reply proved deci-  
 sive of the victory. With a rueful  
 smile he cried, “ I am confounded,  
 “ but not convinced.” “ If he could  
 “ hear Miss Woodbine,” whispered  
 Hawthorn, “ he might soon be con-  
 “ vinced.”



## C. H. A. P. VI.

## SEQUEL OF THE CONVERSATION.

THE company were now all summoned to dinner; and philology gave place to good eating, and the small talk of Captain Blossom. That unfledged youth went on with such a flow of impertinent nonsense, and uttered so many wretched, improbable tales, that Woodbine soon rated him at his true estimation, for a silly, bragart, ridiculous boy: and understanding, that he purposed to remain some days at Birkhall, he immediately conceived a desire to invent some scheme, that might mortify, and drive him away.

Accordingly, he took the first opportunity of retiring to a private arbour in his garden, from whence  
he

he dispatched messengers for Hawthorn, Windmill, and Mr. Brook; and these three trusty myrmidons being convened, he communicated to them his desire, and earnestly exhorted them to assist him with their best wits. Windmill instantly proposed, that they should send for Mr. Dibble, dress him in a red coat, and introduce him next day at Birkhall as a travelling captain, where his natural petulance would easily prompt him to eclipse Blossom totally. Windmill added, that he had an old red coat himself, with other suitable cloaths, which might be altered for Mr. Dibble in a few hours by a country taylor; and that he could be quickly furnished with a sword, sash, cockade, &c.

This scheme was highly approved of, and the schoolmaster being forthwith summoned, they imparted it to him. At first he received it with avi-

dity; but after a minute's reflection, he began to hesitate a little. "The  
 " plot is an admirable one," said he,  
 " and I am certain I could play my  
 " part in it to the satisfaction of the  
 " whole world. But, you must know,  
 " I have some thoughts of turning  
 " Seceder-preacher, from a prospect  
 " which I have of obtaining speedily  
 " a good settlement in that way.  
 " Now, if those philosophers should  
 " chance to learn, that ever I had  
 " been addicted to cursing and swear-  
 " ing, though but in jest, farewell  
 " all preferment! Depart thou un-  
 " godly one! come not into the sanc-  
 " tuary! But, Gentlemen, this being  
 " the case, you see I cannot personate  
 " a captain; for alas! what is a  
 " captain if he cannot swear?"—

Woodbine assured him, that there was no danger of a discovery; and Windmill hinted, that this metamorphosis might put him in a pleasanter way of  
 making



making his fortune, than by preaching to Seceders: "You are a handsome, witty fellow," said he; "Miss Polly has a good purse, at her own disposal; and a red coat and feather have powerful charms!" This insinuation entirely removed his scruples, and he smiled a smile of self-complacency.

They began then to tutor him for his new character; but he stopped them with great indignation, saying,—

"What a pox! do you think I cannot play a led captain? Cannot I lie, puff, and bluster? Blood and thunder! You shall see, you shall see. Cannot I speak plenty of nonsense myself, and laugh heartily at the nonsense of others? No fear!"

Upon this they parted, Mr. Dibble going with Windmill and the Parson, to get himself fitted in regimentals, and Hawthorn returning with 'Squire Woodbine to the castle.

Woodbine, having given proper instructions to his daughter, with regard to the sport in hand, took occasion to ask her in the evening before Miss Polly and Captain Blossom, if she remembered pretty Captain Prim, whom she had seen some years ago? Laura answered, that she remembered him very well, and that he was a mighty agreeable, entertaining, polite young gentleman. "Well, my dear," said her father, "I hope you shall see him here to-morrow. I have just now a letter from him, informing me, that having finished three campaigns with universal applause, he intends to throw himself, with all his laurels, at your feet." This news struck like a dagger to the heart of Polly. Hawthorn, she now plainly saw, preferred Laura to her; this was galling; but the addition of a captain, was a thing absolutely not to be borne. In broken slumbers, and restless dreams, she past the night. Envy, thou

thou detested fiend ! how couldst thou gain entrance to so lovely a bosom ? How couldst thou fix thy venomed fangs in a heart which Nature designed for the abode of a far different passion ? The morning she spent in dressing, with the utmost care and anxiety ; resolving by any means to wound the stranger captain.

The important hour at length arrived, when the pseudo-captain, accompanied by Mr. Brook and Windmill, appeared, strutting and hopping so ridiculously, that it was impossible for those who were in the secret to restrain their laughter. Nor did they put any restraint on themselves ; for, as his mouth hardly ever closed, his wit got credit for the mirth which his absurdity raised. Captain Blossom and he were acquainted in two minutes. And having declared that he had been in the Russian service, fighting the cause of Christendom against the in-



fidel Mahometan dogs, they immediately began to hold furious discourse, of battles, bombardments, and *most disastrous chances*; all which the company devoured up with greedy ears.

They now went to walk in the garden, where in less than half an hour, Polly made an entire conquest of Captain Prim; and that gentleman, in return, began to make love to her, with such amazing impudence as astonished even Mr. Blossom. Many and various were the praises he bestowed on her; huge and vast, the compliments he uttered; all which poor Polly swallowed, as no more than what was due to her matchless beauty. She passed along, leaning upon his arm, and looking with all the disdain that she could make her pretty face express, upon Hawthorn, who stood aside with the Parson, and made her a very grave bow. She now promised herself

herself ample revenge on this dull, insensible fellow, by playing off her two captains against him; nay, she even had some laudable hopes of engaging him in a quarrel with them. Resist the arts, or despise the favours, of a vain beauty, and she is your mortal enemy for ever.

The 'Squire next gave command that they should adjourn to the harpsichord, to have a song from the ladies before dinner. There Captain Blossom perceived a violin hanging in a corner, at which he was very glad; for he fancied himself a capital performer on that instrument, although in fact he was a most wretched scraper: he therefore took it down, tuned it, and played three or four bars of the *White Joke*, crying, "Come, who is  
" to sing, demme; I shall play the  
" symphony!" Miss Polly declared, that she never did sing: and Woodbine, affirming that he would not give

a button for a woman who could not sing, desired his daughter to begin his favourite *Gallowshiels*. Laura obeyed, striking the chords of the thorough-bass as full as possibly she could, to drown the vile grating of the Captain's fiddle. This being finished, Mr. Blossom presented his instrument to Hawthorn and Windmill, desiring them to do as much as he had done; but they both declared themselves unworthy to play after such a musician as he: whereupon, in triumph, he again applied his engine to the north-east side of his neck, and favoured them with a jig, and after that with a hornpipe, and after that with a minuet, and after that with a Strathspey; in short, he would have played on to the end of the chapter, had he not luckily been interrupted by the dinner-bell.

Captain Prim, being totally ignorant of music, had been standing all the while, not without pain, an idle spectator



spectator of this oratorio. But he now resolved to make himself amends, and shine in his turn. He thought proper, however, to reserve his fire till after dinner, when the company, having satisfied their hunger, would listen with more attention to his accounts of *moving accidents by flood and field*; but, in the mean time, he did not fail to contribute his full proportion of table chat.

C H A P. VII.

CONVERSATION OF THE CAPTAINS.

Soon as the cloth was removed, he began, by observing, that this castle (Birkhall) was situated in a most romantic valley. "For situation," quoth he, "it brings to my remembrance an old gloomy tower which I saw  
e 6 " near

“ near the banks of the Wolga, built  
 “ on a dark and woody rock. A  
 “ black torrent foams below, which  
 “ drives a terrible machine within the  
 “ tower, contrived for mashing,  
 “ grinding, and making into a paste,  
 “ the brains, bones, galls, and livers,  
 “ of Siberian robbers.” “ What  
 “ the devil is that for ?” said Captain  
 Blossom. “ Why, deminit,” answered  
 Prim, “ that is what I would not im-  
 “ part to every one, being a thing,  
 “ Sir, of consequence. But you are  
 “ a soldier, and we are all friends. I  
 “ say, Captain, you are a soldier ; and  
 “ therefore must know, that stratagem  
 “ is the chief branch in the art of war.  
 “ If a man can make one regiment as  
 “ strong as three, that man I pro-  
 “ nounce is a capital warrior. Now,  
 “ Sir, the stuff which I mentioned,  
 “ being, as I said, reduced to a paste,  
 “ is afterwards rolled into pills of dif-  
 “ ferent sizes, which are carefully  
 “ packed

“ packed up in boxes, and sent to  
 “ the surgeons of the army. The night  
 “ before a battle is to be fought,  
 “ every man takes one of those pills,  
 “ and some of the largest kind are  
 “ given to our war horses. Their  
 “ effect is, to produce the most as-  
 “ tonishing courage, and warlike fury.  
 “ But I will say nothing: let deeds  
 “ shew proof: they have made the  
 “ fields of our battles fat, and Maho-  
 “ met’s paradise populous. If such  
 “ a method were adopted in the British  
 “ army, what wonders might it not  
 “ perform! But, after all, Captain,  
 “ they have but a villanous kind of  
 “ a smell, and a damn’d filthy taste,  
 “ that is the truth on’t.”

“ Curse the stuff!” cried Blossom,  
 spitting, and laying his hand on his  
 gorge, “ We have no need of such  
 “ dem’d drugs; we have courage  
 “ enough already. But your speak-  
 “ ing of pills, puts me in mind of a  
 “ dem’d



“ dem’d curious thing. There is old  
 “ Major Todle of our regiment, he  
 “ was a captain, Ladies, at Fontenoy,  
 “ and was sent with his company to  
 “ guard a pass in the wood. Now,  
 “ the report goes, that he ran away  
 “ from this station, and left his men  
 “ in the lurch. But it is all a dem’d  
 “ lie. For the matter was this, and  
 “ I know it very well, demme, be-  
 “ cause the Major told me himself;  
 “ he led on his company to the pass,  
 “ and looked about to see if he could  
 “ smoke the enemy; but, Sir, the  
 “ night before he had taken a dose of  
 “ Anderson’s pills, which obliged  
 “ him at that instant to run aside into  
 “ the wood; and when he came back,  
 “ the French had killed his men  
 “ every mother’s son. So having no  
 “ company to command, he had no-  
 “ thing to do, you see, and was at  
 “ liberty to retreat, demme! But  
 “ otherwise, he would have eaten  
 “ smoke

“ smoke and fire, before he would  
 “ have budged a foot; for he is as  
 “ bold a fellow as ever stept, and  
 “ fears not the devil himself. He was  
 “ one of those that took the castle of  
 “ what-d’ye-call-it, in Flanders, by  
 “ climbing upon the rock, and dig-  
 “ ging a hole through the wall with  
 “ their bayonets; which was certainly  
 “ the demdest furious thing that ever  
 “ was done.”

“ Phoo!” said Captain Prim, “ dem-  
 “ mit, that was nothing. I’ll tell you  
 “ what, Captain, I was present at the  
 “ most singular and dangerous attack,  
 “ made upon the garrison of Strigo-  
 “ nium, that ever the eyes of man  
 “ beheld. Strigonium is a fort of  
 “ prodigious strength, situated in the  
 “ north of Tartary, and the most ad-  
 “ vantageous thing imaginable to the  
 “ Turks; for by it they can com-  
 “ mand the whole Caspian sea, and  
 “ all Asia eastward. The shortest of  
 “ their

“ their guns are about forty-five feet  
 “ long, and some of them fifty, by the  
 “ foot of Pharaoh ! With these, Sir,  
 “ they can send you a ball to Ispahan,  
 “ to the Chinese wall, or, with a strong  
 “ charge, even to Japan and Borneo.  
 “ Well, you may be sure the possession  
 “ of this castle was a capital object in the  
 “ views of our general, Prince Kinkins-  
 “ quinsi. So he marched off our re-  
 “ giment, commanded by Marshal  
 “ Skuterinkoff, with orders to reduce  
 “ it by stratagem ; for he well knew,  
 “ that his whole army would have  
 “ made nothing of it, in the common  
 “ way of a siege. By the body of  
 “ Cæsar, they would have blown us  
 “ in the air, like so many gnats. Now,  
 “ how the devil do you think we took  
 “ it ?” “ Nay, curse me, if I can  
 “ tell !” said Captain Blossom, “ was  
 “ it by surprise ? demme !” “ No,  
 “ demme !” answered Prim. “ What  
 “ then ?” quoth the other, “ was it  
 “ by



" by storm? demme!" " No," said  
 Captain Prim, " but it was both by  
 " surprise and storm, demmit! The  
 " fort was accessible on every side but  
 " one, and that was defended by an  
 " impenetrable wood. The long can-  
 " non were planted in dreadful array  
 " all around, except on the woody side,  
 " where the Turks never dreamed of  
 " an attack. Skuterinkoff, therefore,  
 " resolved to scale the wall on the in-  
 " accessible side. For this purpose,  
 " we fixed all our smaller cannon upon  
 " the backs of the stoutest fellows in  
 " the regiment, as well officers as pri-  
 " vates, tying them with ropes, and  
 " then marched on till we got under  
 " the bottom of the wood. Every  
 " cannoneer was attended by another  
 " man, who carried a match, and as  
 " many charges as he was able to bear.  
 " Well, the cannoneer creeps down on  
 " all fours, presents his muzzle to the  
 " root of a tree, the gunner applies  
 " me

" me his linstock, and the trunk of the  
 " tree is shattered in pieces. We did  
 " this in such excellent order, at the  
 " word of command, that, by the foot  
 " of Pharaoh, you might have seen a  
 " hundred trees fly in the air at once,  
 " like a flight of arrows, demmit! I  
 " myself had a four pounder on my  
 " back, with which I battered down  
 " as many oaks as might have built a  
 " first rate war ship. When we came  
 " to any tree of remarkable size, and  
 " some of them were three hundred  
 " feet high, then we applied two gun-  
 " ners, which never failed of sending  
 " it to the devil. During all this  
 " combustion, the circumcised dogs  
 " were skipping about the castle, won-  
 " dering, you may conceive, what a  
 " demnation sort of a dance this was  
 " that their trees had begun. Their  
 " amazement and terror still increased,  
 " as we advanced upward from rock  
 " to rock, sweeping the wood away  
 " sheer

“ sheer before us. In short, Sir, in  
 “ about two hours, we reached the  
 “ wall, and fixing our scaling ladders,  
 “ in a moment were among them,  
 “ like so many furies. We killed but  
 “ a few of them; for they called for  
 “ quarter at the very first onset, hav-  
 “ ing no fire-arms but their great  
 “ guns, which were so unwieldy that  
 “ they could not turn them upon us.  
 “ And what was most extraordinary,  
 “ demmit! in this great atchieve-  
 “ ment, we lost only one man, a rio-  
 “ tous rascal, who, being drunk,  
 “ pointed his cannon against the face  
 “ of a rock, instead of a tree: the  
 “ ball recoiled upon his scull, and he  
 “ was left for a breakfast to the vul-  
 “ tures of Caucasus.”

“ Ay,” said Captain Blossom, “ that  
 “ was a dem’d fine stratagem, to be  
 “ sure. But now I remember a better  
 “ thing, demme, that I heard from  
 “ Ensign Wallet, of our regiment.  
 “ It



“ It happened in America, when they  
 “ were fighting with the French in—  
 “ what-d’ye-call-it—*Canady*. So, Sir,  
 “ there was a dem’d kind of a fort  
 “ upon a hill, so cursedly high and  
 “ steep, demme, that there was no  
 “ way of scaling it, either with their  
 “ cannons or mortars: and it would  
 “ not have been taken to this day,  
 “ had not it been for Wallet himself,  
 “ who was then a serjeant. But he,  
 “ being a dem’d clear-fighted fellow,  
 “ demme, discovered a hole in the  
 “ wall, made for giving vent to a  
 “ strong spring which was within the  
 “ castle. So, Sir, by the lard, he  
 “ went to the general, and bargained  
 “ for an ensigncy, if he could open the  
 “ enemy’s gates by next morning.  
 “ Then he set to work among the  
 “ rocks, till he had catched about  
 “ half a dozen goats, demme, which he  
 “ tied all together: and having put a  
 “ tinder-box, and some other things,  
 “ into

“ into his pockets, he laid hold of the  
 “ rope that tied the goats, and prick-  
 “ ing them on with his sword, they  
 “ flew with him up the rock, demme,  
 “ like the devil in a flame of fire. It  
 “ happened to be clear moonshine  
 “ that night; so he let his goats away,  
 “ and crept through the hole; a dem’d  
 “ stinking hole it was, he says; how-  
 “ ever there he lay snug, till the  
 “ French were all asleep. Then he  
 “ began to slip about, and by the  
 “ demdest good luck in the world, he  
 “ lighted on their powder magazine.  
 “ Oh, curse me, thought he, this is  
 “ just the thing; the devil a foot far-  
 “ ther go I! And accordingly, he  
 “ stood close till day-light appeared,  
 “ and then he took out his powder-  
 “ horn, laid a long train, set fire to it,  
 “ and blew the one half of the fort  
 “ clean away in the air, demme! He  
 “ lost not a moment, but in the con-  
 “ fusion set open the gates; three  
 “ thousand

" thousand brave boys rushed in, and  
 " huzza, the day was their own in a  
 " trice. I don't believe there was a  
 " *more cleverer* thing done, since Julius  
 " Cæsar conquered the Arabians."

" Oh, pardon me, Sir," said Prim,  
 " demmit, I'll tell you what I saw  
 " much better than that, at the be-  
 " leaguering of Temandra, a strong  
 " fortress on the west bank of the  
 " Niefter. It is built upon a tremen-  
 " duous rock, about a mile high, and  
 " perpendicular as a wall on every  
 " side; so that persons who have occa-  
 " sion to go out or in, are let down or  
 " drawn up in a bucket. You would  
 " think, that this circumstance were  
 " against them, and that they might  
 " easily be starved by demolishing  
 " their buckets: but softly, demmit,  
 " they have a trick for that. There  
 " were in this castle, at the time we  
 " invested it, about seven thousand  
 " hawks, ravens, and pigeons, which  
 " nestled



“ nestled in curious mews, prepared  
 “ for their accommodation in differ-  
 “ ent parts of the battlements. More  
 “ than the half of those birds were  
 “ continually on the wing, in search of  
 “ prey: and they were so admirably  
 “ trained, that they brought home  
 “ vast quantities more than they could  
 “ themselves consume; so that the  
 “ garrison fared sumptuously every day  
 “ on peas, cherries, plumbs, ducks,  
 “ drakes, woodcocks, hens, hares, and  
 “ other smaller animals. Provided  
 “ with such notable caterers, they  
 “ cared not a button for all our ap-  
 “ proaches, and lines of circumvalla-  
 “ tion, demmit! They huzza’d, they  
 “ sung Arabian catches, they played  
 “ upon fiddles and tabors, from morn-  
 “ to night and from night to morn;  
 “ while we were battering our balls  
 “ at the bare rock, and heaving up  
 “ bombs innumerable, which, for the  
 “ most part, fell down again among  
 “ ourselves.

“ ourselves. At length Drutenberg,  
 “ our general, perceived that there  
 “ was no possibility of taking the  
 “ place, but by destroying the birds;  
 “ and he accordingly called a council  
 “ of war, to consider of methods for  
 “ effecting this. Various were the  
 “ opinions of the officers in that  
 “ council, but they were all over-  
 “ ruled by the beautiful plan proposed  
 “ by Marshal Skuterinkoff, which was  
 “ put in practice the very next day, after  
 “ this manner. Fifty engineers were  
 “ dispatched into the neighbouring  
 “ woods, with a variety of wires, gins,  
 “ and traps: these they set in different  
 “ places, about the twilight, and by  
 “ next morning, they had entangled  
 “ three hundred wild cats. This was  
 “ just what they wanted; and there-  
 “ fore, having secured them properly,  
 “ they brought them to the camp,  
 “ and fitted them up in curious boxes,  
 “ composed of a light species of tim-  
 “ ber.

“ber. Well, Sir, things being so  
 “prepared, we waited for the even-  
 “ing; and then, under favour of  
 “night’s black canopy, with proper  
 “mortars, we threw our three hun-  
 “dred cats fairly into the castle. By  
 “the head of Hannibal! the thing  
 “wrought like a charm. For the  
 “boxes, you observe, being broken  
 “by the fall, the devils scoured around  
 “the ramparts, and made most terrible  
 “havoc among the poultry. Not  
 “one escaped; and it was with diffi-  
 “culty that the Turks could save  
 “themselves from the like fate.  
 “Dreadful were the noises we heard  
 “during the night; the yelling of the  
 “cats, the cries of the Ottomans whom  
 “they scratched, and the continual  
 “firing of the musquetry. And, in  
 “the morning, we could not see the  
 “summit of the rock, by reason of  
 “the cloud of feathers which hovered  
 “round it: but this being dissipated,  
 VOL. I. f “by



“by a breeze which sprung up, we  
 “observed the flag of truce hung  
 “out; and by noon, our General had  
 “set up his own standard on the  
 “tower of Temandra.”

C H A P. VIII.

SEQUEL OF THE CONVERSATION.

Blossom was now casting about in  
 his mind, to see whether it were pos-

Blossom was very glad at this; for he now began to perceive that Prim was superior to him in his powers of description: he, therefore, greedily embraced the opportunity of exerting that talent, in which, he thought, he had no rival present. He played over all his best tunes, and confident of being refused, again pressed the other gentlemen to perform. But here he was sadly disappointed. Hawthorn took the instrument, and began such a flourish as utterly astonished the poor

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 “observed the flag of truce hung  
 “out; and by noon, our General had  
 “set up his own standard on the  
 “tower of Temandra.”

## C H A P. VIII.

## SEQUEL OF THE CONVERSATION.

BLOSSOM was now casting about in his mind, to see whether it were possible to find a better thing than this last; but Laura interposed, begging them for heaven's sake to have done with sieges. “Don't you see,” said she, “that Mr. Brook there is fast asleep? Here is Windmill in the same state; and we must all follow, if we are not allowed to speak. Pray, Captain Blossom, take the fiddle, and wake them with a thundering prelude.”

Blossom

Blossom was very glad at this; for he now began to perceive that Prim was superior to him in his powers of description: he, therefore, greedily embraced the opportunity of exerting that talent, in which, he thought, he had no rival present. He played over all his best tunes, and confident of being refused, again pressed the other gentlemen to perform. But here he was sadly disappointed. Hawthorn took the instrument, and began such a flourish as utterly astonished the poor Captain. He ran up to the very top of the finger-board, then plunged to the bottom again; skipped about from shift to shift; struck arpeggios, and harmonic tones; and all with perfect ease. "Demme, the devil!" cried Blossom, "you are a dem'd good player." "Why, Captain Blossom," said Polly, "are you surprised at that? Don't you know, that Mr. Hawthorn is a fidler by

f 2

"profession?"



"profession? have you never seen  
 "him in the orchestra at the play-  
 "house?" "Oho!" said Blossom,  
 looking as if he felt a sudden stink,  
 "demme, is he one of those fellows?  
 "Your servant, Mr. Fidler." "My  
 "dearest Ma'am," exclaimed Captain  
 Prim, taking Miss Polly's hand, "by  
 "all that is lovely and charming, you  
 "have done me most egregious  
 "wrong! Why did you not acquaint  
 "me with the character of this chap  
 "sooner, that I might have driven  
 "him forth from our company? By  
 "Cæsar's body, I am not used to af-  
 "fort myself with such scavengers."

Polly was in raptures, at the pro-  
 spect of a quarrel; and even, in her  
 eagerness, called to Hawthorn, asking  
 him if he heard what Prim said.  
 "I hear him very well, Madam,"  
 said Hawthorn, "and I see very well  
 "too what you would be at. For  
 "once, I will endeavour to please you.  
 "What

"What though I did profess to be a  
 "fidler, as you have been pleased to  
 "inform these doughty warriors? I  
 "should profess no more than what  
 "you hear I can perform. I would  
 "this were the case with all other  
 "professions; we should not then  
 "have been plagued to-day with so  
 "many ridiculous tales, and wretched  
 "tunes. I heartily wish these two  
 "gentlemen could manage their swords  
 "as well as I can my fiddlestick."—

Here he was interrupted by a volley of  
 demmes, and demmits, and devils,  
 from both the Captains; but he desired  
 them to have patience, till he should  
 explain himself more fully, and conti-  
 nued thus: "If you are posselt of the  
 "smallest portion of sense, you must  
 "certainly hold us all very cheap;  
 "else you would never have ventured  
 "to give us such a string of absurdi-  
 "ties about cats, and goats, and pills,  
 "as you have done this afternoon.

“ Do you think we have believed one  
 “ word of those? No, not one: and  
 “ instead of making us admire you for  
 “ good soldiers and tall fellows, which  
 “ I suppose you intended, they have  
 “ convinced us, that you are a couple  
 “ of empty, silly, bragging, ignorant  
 “ coxcombs.”

“ Hell-fire and the devil! and blood  
 “ and thunder!” cried Capt. Prim,  
 “ demmit, what is this! demmit, we  
 “ must challenge him, Master Blossom,  
 “ by Pharaoh’s foot we must!” “ Curse  
 “ me,” said Blossom, “ if ever I met  
 “ with such an uncivil fellow in my  
 “ life! But, but Sir,--a--must we  
 “ really challenge, do you think?”  
 “ O Lard, Sir,” replied Prim, in a  
 whisper, “ there is no avoiding it be-  
 “ fore the ladies; we must try, Sir, to  
 “ bully him: Come, Sir, stand up  
 “ with me, draw your sword, and look  
 “ fierce.” Then he said aloud,—  
 “ Harkee, Sir Fidler, we here do pro-  
 “ test,



“test, that whereas you have called  
 “us braggarts and coxcombs, and so-  
 “forth, you are most egregiously mis-  
 “taken; you have deviated from the  
 “truth, so to speak; or to express the  
 “thing yet more clearly, you have  
 “lied in your throat: and this we  
 “will maintain, with our best blood  
 “and spirits, by day or by night, by  
 “land or by water, upon thy recreant  
 “body.” “Why, Gentlemen,” said  
 Laura, “you don’t mean both to fight  
 “with him at once?” “Certainly,  
 “Madam,” said Hawthorn, “that  
 “is their meaning, if they have any.  
 “But as they have generously left to  
 “my choice the time and place of our  
 “engagement, I must tell them, that  
 “there is no time like the present,  
 “and no place like one down yonder  
 “behind the great elm, in the bottom  
 “of the glen. There the Tay is con-  
 “fined by two rocks, between which  
 “it runs rapidly, and shoots into a  
 “deep

“ deep hollow below. A small plank  
 “ is laid from rock to rock across the  
 “ fall, over which any body that can  
 “ look death in the face without trem-  
 “ bling may walk secure. Now I  
 “ will await you on the middle of this  
 “ plank, as soon as I have borrowed  
 “ from the butler the great sword,  
 “ which belonged to one of the an-  
 “ cient barons of this place. You  
 “ cannot there assail me both at once :  
 “ and when I have sent one down the  
 “ roaring stream, I apprehend the  
 “ other will have no great stomach  
 “ for the attack.” So saying, he  
 arose, as if in great rage, and went  
 away, not to seek a sword, but to get  
 a song, from his friend Maria the  
 housekeeper.

A profound silence now ensued, for  
 several minutes, which was first bro-  
 ken by Mr. Brook, who, in the most  
 solemn accents, spoke thus : “ Gentle-  
 “ men, I am heartily sorry for this  
 “ brawl.

“brawl. I pray that it may have no  
 “fatal issue. Methinks you have  
 “been by much too rash and hasty,  
 “in challenging Mr. Hawthorn.”—  
 “Ged, I think so too myself,” said  
 Blossom. “You would think so  
 “most certainly,” continued the Par-  
 son, “if you knew him as well  
 “as I do. I remember him well,  
 “when I was at the College of Edin-  
 “burgh; and even in those days, he  
 “was held to be a most skilful and  
 “able fencer, insomuch, that no  
 “man who had the slightest know-  
 “ledge of him would venture to give  
 “him an affront. But as he is the  
 “mildest tempered creature in the  
 “world, he made no bad use of his  
 “acknowledged superiority, and for  
 “that reason it gained him no ene-  
 “mies. Insolence, indeed, he never  
 “failed to chastise.”

This information had a visible ef-  
 fect upon the fair visage of Captain



Blossom : but he still continued to  
 swagger, saying, " Demme, I never  
 " challenged any body in my life be-  
 " fore. It is dem'd hard to begin  
 " with such a desperate fellow : but,  
 " curse me, we shall have most dem-  
 " nable bad luck, if one of us don't  
 " pink his lungs." " Tut," said  
 Laura, " pink his lungs ! why should  
 " you trouble yourselves with that  
 " kind of work ? I could put you on  
 " a way that would do his business  
 " much more quickly and surely."  
 " Ay," quoth Blossom, " Ged, what  
 " is that ? Come, Me'm, tell us.  
 " Demme, I have often said, that  
 " you are a person of sense, if you  
 " would speak." " O dear Sir,"  
 said Laura, " you are too obliging."  
 " Nay, Ma'am," cried Prim, " that  
 " he is not, by Pharaoh's foot ! Take  
 " it on my word, Ma'am, I am not  
 " apt to mistake in my opinion of  
 " persons ; at a word I am not ; and I  
 " see

“ see plainly that you are a person,  
 “ not only of great sense, but of great  
 “ and almost incomparable beauty !”  
 “ O, dear Sir,” said Laura, “ nay,  
 “ this is downright flattery.” “ No,  
 “ Ma’am,” returned he, “ as I am a  
 “ gentleman and a soldier, I protest”  
 “ —“ Fye, Captain Prim,” interrupt-  
 ed Polly, “ what needs all this pro-  
 “ testing ? I think, Gentlemen, you  
 “ are at too much pains to learn this  
 “ mighty secret from Miss Woodbine,  
 “ which, perhaps after all, is not  
 “ worth the compliments you have  
 “ paid for it.”

“ Be not too sure of that, my dear,”  
 said Laura, with a smile ; “ but to  
 “ shew you that my thirst for compli-  
 “ ments is not quite insatiable, I shall  
 “ tell the gentleman my scheme di-  
 “ rectly, without putting them to  
 “ the expence of any more flattery.  
 “ There is a small cannon, a four-  
 “ pounder I believe, lying among

“ the ruins behind this castle. Now  
 “ what needs there more, but to fix  
 “ this on Captain Prim’s back, as  
 “ was done at Strigonium, and let  
 “ him march down to the water side,  
 “ where the fidler waits on the plank;  
 “ Captain Blossom will carry the lin-  
 “ stock; and there you may blow  
 “ the uncivil fellow in the air like a  
 “ gnat.” “ No, no, demmit!”  
 said Prim, “ that wont do. It shall  
 “ never be said that I attacked any  
 “ man with unequal arms. Here is  
 “ my sword; with this I will do my  
 “ best; and if I fall, I shall die as a  
 “ soldier ought, with my courage  
 “ unquestioned, and my honour un-  
 “ stained.” “ Very well,” said  
 Windmill, “ why do we lose any  
 “ more time? We will conduct you  
 “ immediately to your enraged adver-  
 “ sary. But before you go, it is ne-  
 “ cessary to determine by lot, whether  
 “ of you shall first engage him. Come,  
 “ here



“ here are too bits of paper ; he who  
 “ draws the longest shall have the  
 “ pleasure of getting the first stab at  
 “ his recreant body.”

This proposal was a terrible alarm to Captain Bloffom; for he had all the while reckoned that Prim was to make the first attack. He now declared, that there was no need for lots: that Captain Prim, as being the senior officer, was clearly entitled to the first push; and that whatever satisfaction he might propose to himself in letting the fidler blood, yet this he would forego, in consideration of Mr. Prim's abilities and experience. Prim, on the other hand, as courteously protested, that he would by no means avail himself of his right of seniority; for, as the affront had been equal to them both, they had both an equal claim to the pleasure of revenging it. He then called to Windmill for the lots, and  
 by

by a private signal was instructed to draw the shortest one.

No sooner did Blossom perceive, that the *grinning honour* of being first slain was fallen to his share, than the blood rushed back from every limb impetuous to his heart; his hand shook; his face grew pale, and his nether lip quivered. Laura, seeing these ghastly signs, began with the usual phrase, "For God's sake, Gentlemen, what do you mean! Do you intend to commit murder in earnest? Mr. Brook, for shame! a man of your cloth to be witness to such horrid and barbarous proceedings, without attempting to stop them! I will go down this moment, and try to pacify Mr. Hawthorn. Pray, Sir, go with me." The Parson answered coolly, that he would not go: that it was dangerous to interfere in an affair of honour:

nour: that he had not the smallest apprehension for his friend Hawthorn; and as for the other gentlemen, they could best judge of the propriety of their own actions, and he had no right to controul them. She then applied to her father and to Polly, who echoed the Parson's words, that it was dangerous to meddle in an affair of honour. Mr. Windmill declared, that he would not go down unless to see them fight. "Then," said Laura, "I think I must go by myself; for  
 "I plainly see the battle is not like  
 "to be much worth; and therefore,  
 "it is better to gain some merit, by  
 "bringing about a reconciliation,  
 "than to suffer poor gentlemen to be  
 "put to death, who seem so ill prepared for it. However, as my success is uncertain, I wish, Mr. Brook,  
 "you would apply yourself earnestly  
 "to the spiritual concerns of these  
 "unfortunate young men, and endeavour  
 "your



“ vour to bring them to a sense of  
 “ their iniquities. I shall send you  
 “ word, as soon as the foe is brought  
 “ to terms of composition. ’Tis a  
 “ great pity that you have none of  
 “ the Siberian pills: Miss Polly,  
 “ pray lend them your hartshorn.”

She then descended to the little par-  
 lour, where Hawthorn was now em-  
 ployed at the harpsichord, leaving  
 poor Captain Blossom half distracted  
 with impatience and terror. Polly,  
 who was as impatient as he, though  
 for a different reason, threw open one  
 of the windows, to see what she could  
 descry. At that instant, a cow-herd  
 chanced to wind his horn, with a harsh  
 and hollow tone. Windmill affected  
 to start at this, affirming that it was  
 sounded by Mr. Hawthorn, which he  
 said betokened him to be in the most  
 horrible rage. It ceased, and they  
 sat in awful silence: it began again,  
 and they listened with dread attention.

In

In this manner they waited a full half hour, till the Captain's patience being quite exhausted, and his fear increasing with every blast of the horn, he resolved if possible to collect his scattered spirits, and exert them in making a desperate retreat. "G-Gentlemen," quoth he, with a faltering voice, "d-d-demme, will you be so k-kind  
 " as to tell me, if this f-fellow is  
 " really a fidler, d-demme." "You  
 " heard Miss Martlet say so," answered Windmill. "Then," said the Captain, "I'll see him d-d-d-dem'd  
 " before I'll fight with him. Fight  
 " with a fidler! demme, the d-devil!  
 " I would not for fifty guineas have  
 " it known, that I have been engaged  
 " in such an affair. No gentleman  
 " would speak to me, d-demme!  
 " Me'm, your most obedient: Gen-  
 " tlemen your servant. Captain Prim,  
 " I hope to have the pleasure of see-  
 " ing you in town; but curse me if I  
 " am

"I am not afraid of being known in this dem'd affair."

With these words he marched off, as fast as his shivering legs would allow, screaming for his horse; and having sworn some threescore courageous oaths at his man, he mounted and rode away at the gallop.

Laura and Hawthorn immediately ascended. The remaining Captain was accosted by the name of Mr. Dibble, and loaded with praises for his excellent performance. Polly was vexed and confounded. Their laughter stung her to the heart, and she could hardly refrain from tears of rage. Her resentment at Hawthorn was doubled; for she looked upon him as the chief inventor and promoter of this interlude; even Dibble, as his tool, received a share of her frowns. But this last gentleman found means to reinstate himself quickly in her favour. He was one of those Philosophers



phers who hold, that, in general, no kind of address is so agreeable and successful as flattery; and accordingly, he made use of it upon every occasion. At times, indeed, he was rather unskilful in proportioning his doses; but in the present case, he could not go wrong. He therefore began to convince the offended fair, that he had a deeper design in assuming his disguise than any of the company imagined. As she pass through the village, he said, he had been pierced through the liver and lungs, by the force of her charms; and having afterwards seen Mr. Blossom with her, whom he conceived to be a dangerous rival, he had resolved to remove him, either by stratagem, or by putting him to death: therefore, as to his present dress, her beauty was really the cause of that effect; her beauty which did haunt him in his sleep, to undertake the death of all

all the world, so he might live one hour in her sweet bosom.

Even this clumsy morsel she swallowed with pleasure. She was pleased with him, and with herself. The schoolmaster remarked his success with transport; and from some observations which he had made on Laura's eyes, having concluded that his success with her might be at least uncertain, he resolved to direct the fire of his gallantry for the future chiefly at Polly, whom he deemed a more vulnerable prize.

## C H A P. IX.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES BACK-  
WARD.

LEAVING this orator to besiege the heart of his mistress by his natural gift of dauntless impudence, and his acquired power of uttering incredible compliments, I must take the liberty of carrying the reader back a few years, that I may relate an adventure, necessary to be known for the better understanding of what may follow.

During a short College vacation in the month of February, Hawthorn had made a precipitate journey northward, to enjoy for a few days the scenes of winter, in all their terrible grandeur. The frost was intense, and the ground for some weeks had been covered



covered deep with snow. He came in disguise to his farm, and slipped secretly to his room, revealing himself to nobody but his man David, one of his father's ancient domestics, whom he retained there in consideration of his former faithful services. What pleasure he then thought it to lie secure, to listen to the hail beating on his roof, and be rocked asleep by the loud winds roaring through the barn-yard oaks! To wander, in the morning, down the middle of Tay, to pass below his willows thick hung with hoar-frost, and to stand under the hollow rock, which now appeared a romantic palace, supported by twisted columns of crystal, and fretted with numberless glancing icicles! In the evening to return to the same place, when the blasts of night arose tempestuous, shaking the woods on the mountain's brow, and howling through the caves! With what delicious enthusiasm

thusiasm he then dreamed of things more than mortal! while his soul seemed to mount on the wings of the tempest, to skim the naked heath, and pervade the wild forest, to wheel along on the rolling clouds, and dart in the meteor's flaming track athwart the sky!

But on the third day, he resolved, like a man of this world, to visit his friend Mr. Woodbine. As he journeyed between the fir-parks, a furious hail-shower came on, the sky grew dark, and the lightnings flashed among the trees. He went on for some time in defiance to the piercing wind that blew in his face; but at length the hail pelted him so bitterly, that he was fain to make bold with the Squire's fences, and leap into the park for shelter. There he proceeded more at his ease, and thanked the firs for their imperfect shade; when entering a place where they grew somewhat  
closer,

closer, he thought on a sudden he heard the voice of some person, speaking in a tone of complaint. The noise of the wind and the hail would not have allowed such a sound from any great distance to have reached him. Reflecting, therefore, that the speaker must necessarily be very near, he stood close by a tree, and looked narrowly around; then, within a few yards, he perceived a poor creature in a female dress, sitting at the foot of another tree. Her garb was such as the meanest of the Highland girls wear; clumsy brogues, and coarse grey stockings, her body wrapped in a sad coloured plaid, and nothing on her head but an old tattered ribband that bound her hair. He stood immovable to hear what she would say.

“And what could I have done better?” cried she. “I might have remained a figure for the finger of scorn to point at, a butt for all the  
 “ sneering



“ sneering old maids in the parish,  
 “ and a subject for Mr. Dunder’s ser-  
 “ mons—No! that would have been  
 “ worse; this hail does not beat so  
 “ fore, nor this wind bite so sharp.  
 “ To be innocent too! yet, Lord  
 “ help me, I hardly know what is  
 “ guilt or innocence, after all that  
 “ I have heard the old Parson say;  
 “ he’s but a humdrum body. If I  
 “ had listened to the young ‘Squire, I  
 “ might now have been dancing about  
 “ his elegant rooms, looking through  
 “ some fine window, and laughing at  
 “ the storm; or whirling away in my  
 “ chaise, like the lady that now pass  
 “ by. What is that lady more than  
 “ me? Am not I as able to sit in a  
 “ chaise? and as sensible of the cold  
 “ cold wind? Surely I have been  
 “ guilty of some terrible fault, else  
 “ heaven would never have brought  
 “ me to this distress. I have no mind  
 “ to be sad; but I cannot help it, I  
 Vol. I. g “ think.

"think. I wish I were in some house;  
 "but who will give me lodging?  
 "for the folks that jeered me at the  
 "inn said, that nobody cares for lod-  
 "gers without money. Must I stay  
 "here then? The trees will seek no  
 "money for their shelter: but ah!  
 "hunger, and cold, and fear; and  
 "when the night comes on, I must  
 "die." As she spoke these words, a  
 large pine behind her was broken by  
 the blast, and fell with a terrible crash,  
 that seemed to shake the whole wood.  
 She screamed, and attempted to rise;  
 she could not rise; her hair was fast  
 frozen to the tree.

The heart of Hawthorn was rent at  
 the sight. He stepped forth instantly,  
 fell down on his knees at her side,  
 and begging her not to be afraid, be-  
 gan to disengage her frozen locks.  
 Oh! how they hung down her back,  
 loaded with icicles! She stared pite-  
 ously in his face, and said with a voice  
 that

that would have moved a savage,  
 “ There is something in your appear-  
 “ ance, Sir, that tells me I need not  
 “ fear any harm from you.” “ You  
 “ need not, I protest,” answered he;  
 “ on the contrary, I am willing to  
 “ do you all the good I can. Where  
 “ have you come from? whither do  
 “ you go? How can I serve you?”  
 “ I have come many a weary step,”  
 said the trembling creature, “ over  
 “ yon snowy hills in the west; and I  
 “ know not whither I go. The  
 “ greatest service you can do me, is  
 “ to give me a morsel of bread; for  
 “ since yesterday morning, I have  
 “ lived only by sucking some bits of  
 “ ice, and handfuls of snow. Last  
 “ night I lay in a poor tenant’s barn,  
 “ and to-night I may lie where I  
 “ please; there is plenty of room in  
 “ the woods hereabout.”

Hawthorn, weeping like a very child,  
 clasped her in his arms. “ No!”



cried he, "thou shalt not die, poor, forlorn, wretched creature! thou shalt yet see better days. Here is a cottage hard by, where perhaps we may find some poor cheer." He then covered her head with his coat, and led her to the hovel of an old woman, with whom he used frequently to confabulate in his rounds. There they found some milk, cheese, and oat-cakes, of which the distressed wanderer eat very heartily.

Having allayed her hunger in some degree, her countenance brightened up surprisngly, and appeared to be indeed a very fine one. The complexion delicately transparent, the features regular, and bearing a certain expression of liveliness, which even her extreme misery had not been able to efface. Hawthorn again signified his desire of knowing her story. "My story, Sir," said she, "I shall tell you most willingly. I were an ungrateful wretch  
" to

“ to refuse you any thing. This scrap  
 “ of paper, the certificate of my bap-  
 “ tism, will shew you, that my name  
 “ is Mary Kenmure; and this name  
 “ I got from the place where I was  
 “ found; for I have the honour of  
 “ being a foundling, Sir. My mo-  
 “ ther nor father could never be dis-  
 “ covered. There was a story, in-  
 “ deed, of a gentleman and lady,  
 “ who past through the parish in a  
 “ chariot, the night before I was  
 “ found; but, for my own part, I  
 “ believe nothing of it. However,  
 “ till within these three months, I  
 “ have lived as happily as if I had  
 “ been a king’s daughter. The honest  
 “ farmer, at whose door I was laid,  
 “ brought me up for his own child,  
 “ and never was a child more tenderly  
 “ loved. His wife, poor woman,  
 “ died when I was very young; and  
 “ then he grew fonder of me than  
 “ ever; his little Mally was his only  
 “ delight.

“ delight. I used to sit prattling on  
 “ his knee all the long winter nights,  
 “ then go to bed, and sing him asleep,  
 “ and sleep myself in his bosom. I  
 “ lived, Sir, with this good old man,  
 “ till I was about thirteen, and then  
 “ a fever that raged in the country  
 “ carried him off. This was a ter-  
 “ rible stroke to me; but I had no  
 “ time to be sensible of it: for, the  
 “ very afternoon he was buried, as I  
 “ sat weeping by the road side, there  
 “ happened to pass by a reverend  
 “ old gentlewoman, driving slowly  
 “ in an open chaise. She stopped,  
 “ and entered into discourse with  
 “ me; and in a little alighted, sat  
 “ down beside me, and enquired into  
 “ every particular of my state. She  
 “ examined my face, I remember,  
 “ very attentively, and made me stand  
 “ up before her and hold up my head.  
 “ Now, said she, my dear, dry up  
 “ your tears, and take comfort. You  
 “ shall



" shall go with me, and I'll take care  
 " of you. I want such a girl for a  
 " servant: your wages shall be rea-  
 " sonable: you have no friend in the  
 " world: so I think you will accept  
 " my offer. In this, she spoke very  
 " truly, and I accepted it most thank-  
 " fully. Well, Sir, she took me up  
 " into her chaise: we drove on that  
 " night, and all next day, till we came  
 " to a country far from any place  
 " where I had ever been. We stopt  
 " at an old Gothic mansion, which  
 " she told me was the place of her  
 " abode; and there I lived with her  
 " very happily for full two years.  
 " I wanted for nothing, but had every  
 " thing in a much higher style than  
 " I had any right to expect. I wore  
 " a great variety of fine clothes, and  
 " silk gowns, which she taught me  
 " to make up for myself, out of old  
 " ones that were in the house. She  
 " spared no pains in giving me every  
 " g 4 " accomplishment

“ accomplishment she could. I had  
 “ before learned to read and write to-  
 “ lerably at the parish school, but  
 “ now I improved in both. I read  
 “ hundreds of plays to her, and novels  
 “ I cannot tell how many; for there  
 “ was a grand library in the house,  
 “ which she said belonged to her good  
 “ nephew, who was then finishing his  
 “ studies at Edinburgh. I wondered  
 “ often, indeed, what this gentleman’s  
 “ study could be; as he had nothing  
 “ in his library but plays and ro-  
 “ mances, except the Spectator and  
 “ the Ancient History. There was  
 “ only one Bible to be seen about the  
 “ house; and that was never used,  
 “ except when the Parson came to  
 “ visit us; then it was sure to be dis-  
 “ played on the drawing-room table:  
 “ but that I thought nothing of then.  
 “ My mistress was particularly fond  
 “ of making me sing, and taught me  
 “ a great number of songs of different  
 “ kinds

“kinds from her Spinnet. And even  
 “when there chanced to come a tra-  
 “velling dancing-master about, she  
 “kept him four months in the house,  
 “till I had learned my minuet. This  
 “was all very well, Sir; and matters  
 “went on swimmingly in this way,  
 “till about three months ago, as  
 “I said, when the good nephew re-  
 “turned from his studies. He was  
 “a tall youth, genteelly drest, and  
 “almost as well looked as yourself.  
 “He brought with him five or six  
 “men servants, who all seemed to  
 “regard me with very expressive  
 “glances. The old lady received  
 “him with great joy, thanking hea-  
 “ven aloud for his safe return; and  
 “then took him into her own cham-  
 “ber, where they remained in close  
 “confabulation all the evening. He  
 “went a-hunting next morning, and  
 “continued to do so every morning.  
 “But, in a very few days, he began



“ to pay a most particular attention  
 “ to me, and to use freedoms which  
 “ I could not think altogether proper;  
 “ but, considering my situation, I  
 “ made him no harsh return, and  
 “ this easiness I suppose he mistook:  
 “ for one evening, being alone with  
 “ me, he made me such a proposal  
 “ in downright terms, as obliged me  
 “ to tell him he was an impudent  
 “ villain. He appeared not surprised  
 “ at this, nor attempted then to urge  
 “ his design farther; but left me,  
 “ and entered into another consulta-  
 “ tion with the old woman, which  
 “ lasted, I believe, most part of the  
 “ night. Next day, he seemed en-  
 “ tirely to have forgot it, behaving  
 “ to me just with common civility,  
 “ which pleased me very well; and  
 “ things went on in the same way for  
 “ several weeks. At length, how-  
 “ ever, the cloud broke, and the  
 “ thunder began. I was summoned  
 “ one

“ one morning in haste to attend my  
 “ mistress. She sat in her chamber,  
 “ in an attitude wonderfully solemn,  
 “ a book of devotions expanded on  
 “ her lap, and a letter displayed in  
 “ her hand. After coughing twice  
 “ or thrice, casting up her eyes to the  
 “ ceiling, and mumbling some ejacu-  
 “ lations;—Alas! quoth she, it is  
 “ the misfortune of good and simple  
 “ souls, to bestow their favours often  
 “ on the unworthy. Oh! the ingra-  
 “ titude, the naughtiness, and filthi-  
 “ ness of this generation!—I could  
 “ not conceive, Sir, the drift of this  
 “ moralizing, and begged to know  
 “ what commands she had for me.  
 “ —I sent for you, said she, to account  
 “ for this wicked and abominable  
 “ letter:—putting into my hand the  
 “ one she held. To my unspeakable  
 “ surprise, I found it addressed to  
 “ myself, by Mr. O’Frize, the young  
 “ Squire’s valet. This gentleman,  
 “ forsooth,

“ forsooth, took upon him to write  
 “ in the style of a happy lover, spoke  
 “ with impatience of a supposed ap-  
 “ pointment the following night, and  
 “ with rapture of an imaginary one  
 “ that was past. His style was abo-  
 “ minably licentious, else I should  
 “ not have been able to refrain from  
 “ laughter. I threw it down, saying,  
 “ it was a heap of nonsensical lies,  
 “ and that the writer must either be  
 “ an arrant fool or a pitiful knave.  
 “ —We shall know that presently,  
 “ said she;—and ringing her bell, one  
 “ of our new men-servants appeared,  
 “ who, being interrogated by her  
 “ touching the epistle in question, af-  
 “ firmed, that the valet had given it  
 “ him to deliver to me, and that this  
 “ was not the first kindness of that  
 “ nature he had done us. To con-  
 “ firm his evidence, he advised her  
 “ to search my chamber, and also Mr.  
 “ O’Frizle’s repositories, by which  
 “ means



“ means the whole correspondence  
 “ *pro* and *con* might be discovered,  
 “ and this mystery of iniquity fully  
 “ brought to light. The beldam  
 “ eagerly snapt at this hint, and forth-  
 “ with began her march down stairs,  
 “ commanding us to follow. Being  
 “ come to the place, she demanded  
 “ the key of my strong-box, which I  
 “ delivered with the most careless and  
 “ sportive air in the world, believing  
 “ all this to be pure mummery and  
 “ jest. What was my astonishment,  
 “ when I saw her draw out from  
 “ among my laces some ten or a dozen  
 “ letters, all bearing Mr. O’Frizle’s  
 “ hand and seal! The fellow, not to  
 “ be behind her, discovered a pair of  
 “ men’s shoes under my bed, which  
 “ could belong to nobody but my  
 “ gallant. The valet was called on  
 “ the spot. He, poor man, being  
 “ taken at unawares, lost his presence  
 “ of mind, confessed his wickedness,  
 “ and

“ and generously promised to make  
 “ me honourable amends by matri-  
 “ mony. I stood burning with in-  
 “ dignation, and pouring out tears of  
 “ rage, which were most palpable  
 “ signs of guilt. The pious dame  
 “ now began to bawl, threatening to  
 “ send immediately for Mr. Dunder,  
 “ the Parson, to enjoin us penances,  
 “ and purify her dwelling by prayer.  
 “ I snatched up a joint-stool, and  
 “ hurling it at O’Frizle’s head, made  
 “ him measure his length on the floor.  
 “ The informer fled, the old hag  
 “ hobbled off, and the valet not taking  
 “ time to rise, crawled out on all-  
 “ fours. Shutting the door, I threw  
 “ myself on the bed, where I lay for  
 “ an hour, in a state not very remote  
 “ from madness.

“ During this ferment of passion,  
 “ the young Squire appeared before  
 “ me, with a most humble and sup-  
 “ plicating look. He manifested a  
 “ great

“ great appearance of distress for  
 “ what had happened; assured me  
 “ that he entertained so high an idea  
 “ of my spirit, that he had formed a  
 “ design of offering me his hand, as  
 “ an atonement for what was past;  
 “ but lamented that this cursed affair  
 “ had rendered his design abortive.  
 “ For, though he himself, he said,  
 “ had no doubts of my innocence, yet  
 “ the story would soon become public,  
 “ and be generally believed by people  
 “ who knew nothing of me. He  
 “ told me, that he had an uncle, from  
 “ whom he expected great things;  
 “ that this uncle was a man of very  
 “ narrow sentiments, and would never  
 “ forgive him for marrying a woman  
 “ of a doubtful character. He then  
 “ repeated a long string of fulsome  
 “ phrases, which I had often seen be-  
 “ fore in the new novels; and con-  
 “ cluded by taking out a purse of  
 “ guineas, and saying, that if I would  
 “ bless



“ blefs his paſſion with a conſenting  
 “ ſmile, he would immediately put  
 “ me in a way, to ſet Mr. Dunder,  
 “ and all his elders, and the whole  
 “ world, at defiance. I aſſured him,  
 “ that, in my preſent ſtate of mind, I  
 “ could give him no poſitive answer;  
 “ begged him to leave me for that  
 “ night; and promiſed to think of  
 “ his propoſal as favourably as poſ-  
 “ ſible. He accordingly left me,  
 “ fawning and ſmiling, as every vil-  
 “ lain I ſuppoſe can do. I then ſat  
 “ down, Sir, to conſider the alterna-  
 “ tive before me; of enjoying preſent,  
 “ but uncertain, affluence and plea-  
 “ ſure; or of encountering poverty,  
 “ diſgrace, and undeſerved reproach.  
 “ The laſt of theſe was plainly not to  
 “ be borne; death was better: and  
 “ the firſt was oppoſed by that ſenſe  
 “ of virtue, which I am perſuaded  
 “ the Author of nature has fixed in  
 “ every heart. My religious notions  
 “ are

“ are so imperfect, and confused, that  
 “ they yielded me little help. In my  
 “ infancy, I had been diligently in-  
 “ structed in the Larger and Shorter  
 “ Catechisms; but these only filled  
 “ my head with a number of hard  
 “ words, to which I affixed no mean-  
 “ ing. And, since I came to the use  
 “ of reason, I have heard no explana-  
 “ tion of our faith but the sermons of  
 “ Mr. Dunder; in which he con-  
 “ stantly represented the road to hea-  
 “ ven as so steep and thorny, that I  
 “ concluded it was either impossible  
 “ for mortals to climb it, or that the  
 “ Parson spoke nonsense. My heart,  
 “ however, told me, that the young  
 “ Squire’s proposal must of necessity  
 “ be rejected: and to avoid the kirk  
 “ persecution, I resolved to make my  
 “ escape from the house that very  
 “ night, and throw myself once more  
 “ upon the wide world. I had just  
 “ come to this resolution, when the  
 “ rascal

" rascal who had witnessed against me  
 " in the morning entered the room.  
 " He saw me put on my angry face,  
 " and fell on his knees, begging I  
 " would hear him a few words. I  
 " shall be damned to hell, said he,  
 " for what I have done this day.  
 " That devil, my master, has tempted  
 " me to many a villany; but this is  
 " the blackest of all. I wish to God  
 " I could make some amends for it,  
 " by telling you of your danger! The  
 " cursed hag who enticed you here, is a  
 " thorough-bred old bawd, whom my  
 " master has long kept in constant pay.  
 " She was sent to this country on  
 " another design, which was given  
 " up when she wrote to him of her  
 " having found you; and all the  
 " pains she has taken with you since,  
 " have been expressly at his desire.  
 " He is, to be sure, a strange being,  
 " and a wicked too, as ever I knew,  
 " though I have served three lords  
 " and



" and a duke. I sometimes think,  
 " Miss, he has sold himself to work  
 " mischief, purely for its own sake;  
 " for though his constitution is quite  
 " broken, by riots which he engaged  
 " in while he was a mere boy, yet  
 " will he spend years, as he has done  
 " upon you, in a constant attention to  
 " one damned plot. I know very well  
 " what a fine proposal he has been  
 " making you just now; and I know  
 " besides, that if you do not accept  
 " it, he will contrive a thousand  
 " schemes to make your life a burden  
 " to you. This affair is a very good  
 " sample of his abilities; and you see  
 " what an excellent helper his man  
 " is. As for myself, I swear to hea-  
 " ven, that I will have no more hand  
 " in their contrivances; but am ready  
 " to assist you, Miss, with all my  
 " power, and in any shape you please.  
 " I thanked this penitent gentleman;  
 " Sir, for his courtesy; but, as I was  
 " now

" now of a sudden grown very dis-  
 " trustful, I cannot say I was quite  
 " convinced of his sincerity. I told  
 " him, therefore, that I would cer-  
 " tainly let him know when I had oc-  
 " casion for his help: and when he  
 " was gone, I barred the room door  
 " to prevent further molestation. The  
 " night was now come on, which, by  
 " the star-light and the reflection of  
 " the snow, was clear enough. My  
 " room being on the ground flat, I  
 " opened the window, looked for a  
 " moment up to the skies, and step-  
 " ping out, ran away as fast as I  
 " could. After running till I was  
 " tired, I walked on I knew not  
 " where: but I had not gone far; till  
 " I was alarmed by the noise of feet  
 " behind me; and before I could turn  
 " or think of any defence, I had the  
 " mortification to find myself seized  
 " upon by my worthy friend the  
 " valet.—Ay! said he, Miss, you are  
 " in

“in great haste to leave us! I must own,  
 “Sir, I had the meanness to dissemble  
 “with this wretch, and told him I  
 “was only taking a short walk, being  
 “tempted abroad by the fineness of  
 “the night. To be sure! said he,  
 “and you went over the window, be-  
 “cause it was the nearest way.  
 “Why, faith, it is a very fine night,  
 “if it were not so damned cold and  
 “windy. But I would have you to go  
 “directly home; lest you catch cold  
 “after having run so far. By Jove,  
 “you are a clever girl; and I wish  
 “my master were a better man, for  
 “your sake! I affected to laugh at  
 “this, and returned with him, sing-  
 “ing all the way, because it was vain  
 “to struggle. I thought he would  
 “have put me in the same room, and  
 “that so I might have another chance  
 “for my life; but this faithful valet,  
 “out of his reverend care for my  
 “health, which he said might be en-  
 “dangered



“dangered by sleeping on the ground  
 “floor, led me very ceremoniously  
 “into an apartment up stairs, and,  
 “locking the door upon me, took  
 “away the key. The Squire did not  
 “chuse to appear in this matter at all,  
 “for what reason I cannot tell. And  
 “a little after, I heard with great  
 “pleasure, the noise of his rascals all  
 “carousing in the kitchen; having no  
 “suspicion, I fancy, that I would  
 “make another attempt to escape that  
 “night, or that there was any possibi-  
 “lity of my escaping, though I should  
 “attempt it. But they were mistaken.  
 “I examined the window narrowly;  
 “and to my inexpressible joy, saw  
 “that I could easily descend to the  
 “ground by the roof of the dairy,  
 “which was not half a yard below.  
 “I waited impatiently till their noise  
 “was quelled some time, and I thought  
 “them all asleep; and then went  
 “down very quietly without noise or  
 “accident.

“ accident. This success made me  
 “ as bold as a lion. I scoured over  
 “ the fields, I knew not whither; and  
 “ was soon so happy as to fall in with  
 “ a great road, on which I travelled  
 “ with all the speed I could exert till  
 “ day-break. Then at a farmer’s, I ex-  
 “ changed all my finery, with a milk-  
 “ maid, who no doubt thought me  
 “ mad, for this elegant apparel which  
 “ I now wear. Ah! how I sighed as I  
 “ tore off my charming head-dress, my  
 “ blue satten jacket and petticoat,  
 “ my silk stockings, and embroidered  
 “ slippers!—No, the slippers I could  
 “ not part with, and here they are in  
 “ my pocket. Afterwards I stopt in  
 “ a country town, and got some break-  
 “ fast, for which I paid sixpence, be-  
 “ ing all the money I had in the  
 “ world. Since that time, Sir, I have  
 “ met with nothing but the dismallest  
 “ adventures: I have been insulted  
 “ by hostlers and chaise-drivers, and  
 “ refused

“ refused lodging for God’s sake, un-  
 “ less I would take a bed-fellow. But  
 “ I will not plague you with describ-  
 “ ing those things; for, to tell you  
 “ the truth, they made me sad; and  
 “ I never cared for telling sad tales in  
 “ my life. I did all I could to keep  
 “ up my heart, and sung very merrily  
 “ as I trudged along; and when I was  
 “ quite wearied out, I sat down by the  
 “ tree where you found me, and sung  
 “ *The Cold Frosty Morning*. You have  
 “ preserved my life, Sir, and while it  
 “ lasts you shall have my prayers for  
 “ your happiness.”

Hawthorn thanked the wandering  
 nymph for this tale, from which he  
 learned, that her character was a curi-  
 ous mixture of humour and sensibility.  
 He assured her, that the consciousness  
 of relieving virtue in distress, was the  
 highest pleasure he ever knew: that  
 this inclined him irresistably to exert  
 all the poor influence he possessed, in  
 procuring



procuring her some asylum: he therefore begged her to remain there with the old woman, till he had made his intended visit; and assured her that she should hear from him in the evening. Tears, which even the cruel grasp of adversity had not been able to press forth, now started from her charming eyes, while she clasped Hawthorn's knees, and cried, he was an Angel. Certainly, indeed, at that moment, his feelings were celestial.

To Birkhall he speedily bent his way, where he found Mr. Woodbine sitting in his library, studying the *Corpus Juris*, like a good justice. After the ceremonies of starting, exclamation, and salutation were over, Hawthorn began, without preface or preamble, to relate the story of the stranger; setting forth, as pathetically as he could, her innocence, her sufferings, and the wretched condition in which he found her. All these to

hear, did honest Woodbine seriously  
 incline. "Faith, Mr. Hawthorn,"  
 said he, "this is a sad and woful story ;  
 " but I have no concern with it.  
 " You may tell it to Mr. Brook, and  
 " advise him to introduce it in his  
 " sermon next Sunday ; perhaps it  
 " may move Laird Sydebreeks, or  
 " Lady Stinkinstoups, or my sister  
 " Baby, to do something for the poor  
 " jade : but your eloquence is lost  
 " upon me, Sir. I profess justice,  
 " justice, Mr. Hawthorn ! Charity is  
 " another thing." " Mr. Wood-  
 " bine," answered Hawthorn, " what  
 " mean you by this ? I have desired  
 " you to do nothing for her : I have  
 " only told you the story simply. But  
 " if you feel no indignation at cruelty,  
 " and no desire to remove distress ; if  
 " you can suffer a poor, young, pretty  
 " creature to perish on your estate  
 " with hunger and cold ; you are not  
 " the man I took you for." " Come,  
 " come,"

“ come,” said Woodbine, “ the dinner bell rings : let us eat, drink, and be merry.”

Notwithstanding this affected hardness of heart, the 'Squire was deeply moved with the relation he had heard, and highly pleased with the part which Hawthorn had acted. He drank his health six times successively ; and indeed swallowed his bumpers so fast, that he began to be elevated even before dinner was finished, and accompanied his very first toast with a song. After a few glasses more, he tipped Hawthorn the wink, and taking out a shilling, said, with a profound gravity of face, “ Here, Sir, is my small mite : you may give it to the poor girl, as you go home. I wish you would now tell your story to my dear, kind, compassionate sister here ; she will, doubtless, be moved to give you something handsome.” Hawthorn comprehended not fully his meaning ;



however, he once more repeated briefly his sorrowful tale. Miss Baby heard him to an end, and then, by a wonderful effort of generosity, produced a sixpence ; observing, however, that she (the stranger) might be some cunning hussy, who had imposed upon him. “ And, indeed,” said she, “ I suspect there is some *ambuscade* of vagabonds just now in this neighbourhood. Not three nights ago, Mr. Hawthorn, I mist a couple of broad fowls from my hen-roost. These are bad times, I’ll assure you, Sir ; very wicked times.” “ You say well,” quoth the ‘Squire, “ and also I observe that one of the ducks hath a broken wing : moreover, the turkey-cock has got the half of his tail torn away, by the fox, I suppose. Now these misfortunes and calamities happen evidently through the negligence of the servants.” — “ Ay, brother William, that is a sad truth !

" truth ! a parcel of lazy, careless,  
 " *incogitative*, junketting feeders they  
 " are ; and I tell them, and tell them  
 " of it, till I am weary." " You say  
 " well again," continued the 'Squire,  
 " and I am sensibly convinced every  
 " day of your abilities in that way.  
 " But those lazy, junketting people  
 " have been so long accustomed to  
 " your wise reproofs, that now, to  
 " my knowledge, they care not a  
 " button for them. *Vicini oderunt,*  
 " *noti, pueri, atque puellæ.* Now, how  
 " is this matter to be mended ? You  
 " hear what a fine character Mr. Haw-  
 " thorn gives of the distressed girl ;  
 " suppose you took her into the fa-  
 " mily, in quality of assistant, or un-  
 " derstraper, in the important busi-  
 " ness of scolding."—" Eh ! fye !  
 " brother, what do you mean ? I pro-  
 " test, I am astonished at such a foolish  
 " and preposterous scheme ! Would  
 " you take in a foundling, a vagabond,  
 h 3 " a per-

“ a person that, I suppose, hath been  
 “ guilty of fornication? Would you  
 “ take such a nasty trollop as this, to  
 “ wear my keys, and make me a per-  
 “ fect blank in the family? I say once  
 “ more, it is a preposterous scheme,  
 “ odious, *palabrous*, and *concomitive*.”

—Here the 'Squire interrupted her,  
 by raising a Doric strain,

“ O the Monks of Melros made gude kail,

“ On Fridays when they fasted.”

—But she stopt his mouth, exclaiming  
 with great vehemence, “ Nay, bro-  
 “ ther, I will not be put out in my  
 “ argument, brother, by your silly  
 “ songs! Your proposal goes to my  
 “ very heart! What will our neigh-  
 “ bours say? Mr. Brook will break  
 “ his jests upon me, and good Sir  
 “ Toby will laugh me to scorn. Mr.  
 “ Hawthorn, for God's sake, *diswade*  
 “ him away from it. You must cer-  
 “ tainly see how absurd the thing is,  
 “ in its very nature and origin.”

“ Jam



“ *Jam satis est!*” cried Woodbine.

“ Do you think Hawthorn is such a

“ fool as yourself? But though he

“ were, and though you could pro-

“ cure fifty more fools, to join you in

“ opinion, be it known unto you,

“ Mrs. Barbara Woodbine, that you

“ could not alter my resolution. *O the*

“ *Monks of Melros made gude kail.* By

“ this time, I think, you might have

“ learned, that I am not to be moved

“ with vain words. The girl, I say,

“ shall be taken in; and, if you won't

“ give her employment, by the Lord,

“ I will! *Sit illi cura mei, sit tibi cura*

“ *tui.* She shall darn my neck-cloths,

“ and foot my hose: and if she acquits

“ herself wisely and faithfully in that

“ department of business, I will ad-

“ vance her to be superintendant of

“ my cellar; she shall keep accounts

“ of my ale, my whisky, my rum, and

“ my wine, which is the greatest ho-

“ nour I can bestow. There is the

gaid

h 4

“ housekeeper's

" housekeeper's room, by your damned  
 " whims it has been uninhabited, ex-  
 " cept by the owls, ever since you  
 " came here : let it be cleaned out,  
 " and your mustard and poppy seeds  
 " taken away : let the bed be fitted  
 " up, and a rousing fire put on : by  
 " the Lord, we'll thaw the ice from  
 " her hair. What say you, Tom ?  
 " Is not the motion good ?"

" May God bless you, my dear  
 " Sir !" cried Hawthorn, with great  
 fervency, rising up, and taking him by  
 the hand. Miss Baby, seeing this,  
 fell upon the youth like a tygress,  
 calling him a busy body, a medler, a  
 breeder of dissensions in families, and  
 an encourager of idlers and fornicators.  
 " Perhaps, brother, after all,  
 " she may be some trull of his own,  
 " some wanton hussy whom he hath  
 " debauched, and now wants to get  
 " rid of." To this insinuation, the  
 'Squire made no answer, but by stop-  
 ping

ping his nose, and complaining that there was a damned stink of old maids in the room; which remark had the usual effect of putting her to flight. Her face assumed a dark purple hue, she started up, and stamping, cried; " You are a dirty, unmannerly, old fool! If I am a maid, it is my own fault; but it is not your fault that you cannot get another wife. No! on my word; what woman of parts would condescend to look upon such a profane, shabby, drunken sot? I suppose, in despair, you intend to marry this same strumpet, this beggarly, tattered harlotry: if so, your counsellor, Mr. Hawthorn, will readily assist at the ceremony, and write your *Epithalmum* to the bargain."

So saying, she departed in rage. Woodbine then, by a hundred shakes of the hand, claps on the shoulder, bumpers, songs, and ends of verse,



testified the satisfaction which his friend Tom had given him. Nothing, indeed, could so gain the old man's affection, as to put him upon doing some charitable deed. It was the very key to his heart. "O habit," said Hawthorn within himself, "how thou canst warp the best and simplest soul! Why else is this man addicted to drinking and swearing?"

The stranger was immediately brought home, and soon proved a very valuable acquisition to Mr. Woodbine. He changed her name to Maria, imagining that she bore some likeness to a character so called in *The Twelfth Night*. She served him with good approbation as a house-keeper, and besides ministered to his pleasure, on special occasions, in such a manner as shall be related in the next chapter, wherein the thread of our history is resumed.

## C H A P. X.

## IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES FORWARD.

LAURA being gone to Gowkton, with Miss Polly, and Hawthorn having accompanied her, for no reason that he could tell, while the other gentlemen had retired each to their respective homes, Mr. Woodbine was left to hold his Castle in solitary state. This not being quite to his taste, he sent a message to the Manse\*, requesting earnestly that Mr. Brook would come and spend the evening with him. The Parson cheerfully obeyed, and arrived in time to drink tea with Miss Baby : while the 'Squire, who seldom partook of that beverage, chose in-

\* The parsonage-house.

stead of it a mug of ale, enriched with a bumper of whisky; a composition which he greatly recommended to his sister, telling her it was carminative and diuretic. He then sat down with Mr. Brook to backgammon, at which they rattled till supper; the mug standing all the while at hand, and receiving fresh supplies from time to time. They supped: the bottles and glasses were set: Miss Baby gave her toast, and withdrew.

“Good night, fair lady,” said her brother, “and pleasant be your dreams, if such be the will of Morpheus! This, Sir, I take to be a very wise regulation observed by that stately maiden, to retire sometimes to her closet, and give herself to prayer. But if it is any way conducive to her soul’s health, she may thank me. You must know, Mr. Brook, that, the year before you came to this parish, in-

“tending



“ tending to make some alterations  
 “ in the œconomy of my household, I  
 “ gave her one morning a small paper,  
 “ containing a few advices and obser-  
 “ vations for her conduct ; with a  
 “ line at the bottom, signifying, that  
 “ I had enacted them according to  
 “ the law of the Medes and Persians.  
 “ She stormed like a fury ; declaring  
 “ they were *incongruous* and absurd,  
 “ and *inadequate* to the practice of any  
 “ gentlewoman : in short, she railed  
 “ at them all that day, and the next  
 “ put them all very quietly in execu-  
 “ tion. This is her common way, as  
 “ I fancy you may have observed.  
 “ Now this, Sir, I had particularly  
 “ noticed, that she should not give  
 “ herself the trouble to sit in the di-  
 “ ning room too late at nights : for she  
 “ was of no use in the world to me  
 “ and my friends, but rather a sort  
 “ of check upon our mirth. I protest  
 “ I could not endure, when I threw  
 “ my

“ my eyes over the table, to see al-  
 “ ways a long red nose pointed full at  
 “ my face. And then she destroyed  
 “ the harmony of our catches entirely,  
 “ by her damnable snuffing and shu-  
 “ tering. Windmill swore to me one  
 “ night, that he would sing no more,  
 “ unless I removed that double bass.  
 “ Even when I was alone, she inter-  
 “ rupted my cogitations most villan-  
 “ ously, by her endless tales and in-  
 “ finite genealogies. But, behold,  
 “ all those things are amended; let  
 “ us therefore be thankful and rejoice;  
 “ come, fill your glass and your pipe,  
 “ For the Monks of Melros made gude kail,,  
 “ On Fridays when they fasted:  
 “ They kiss’d their Nuns, and drank their ale,  
 “ As lang as e’er it lasted.  
 “ Ho there! Duncan, d’ye hear?  
 “ send up two bottles more, and Ma-  
 “ ria! Ay, Mr. Brook, that is a wench  
 “ fit for the company of merry men.  
 “ Now shall we have songs that might  
 “ draw

“ draw three souls out of one weaver.  
 “ Ah what a sweet voice! and so  
 “ cheerily she chants it away! Not  
 “ like your prim things, that sit as if  
 “ they were stuck on a spit, and peep  
 “ like a dying chicken. By the Lord,  
 “ she’s a good girl and a true; yea,  
 “ Sir, a morsel for a prince. *O mihi*  
 “ *præteritas referat si Jupiter annos!*  
 “ Your most obedient humble servant,  
 “ Madam! There set down your bot-  
 “ tles, and here set down yourself:  
 “ sit down, you jade, I say! Now,  
 “ Mr. Brook, what shall we have  
 “ first? *Auld Rob Morris?* or *Sour*  
 “ *Plumbs?* or *Pinky House?*”  
 “ Oh Sir!” said Maria, “ I’ll sing  
 “ you a fine Italian song, that you  
 “ never heard yet.” “ Did I never  
 “ hear it, say you?” quoth the Squire.  
 “ No,” answered she, “ I’m certain  
 “ I never sung it to you.” “ Then  
 “ be a good girl,” said he, “ and—  
 “ don’t trouble me with it at present.  
 “ Keep



" Keep such ware for other merchants  
 " than me. Tarry till you meet with  
 " some fidling, foolish youth, like  
 " Hawthorn or Windmill, then you  
 " may ha ha ha, and pant and trill  
 " till you are weary. But in the  
 " mean time strike me up *Pinky*  
 " *House*."

This request she instantly obeyed,  
 and the whole body of Mr. Wood-  
 bine began to move sympathetically to  
 her song. His foot beat time, his arm  
 waved and described circles, his head  
 was erected or depressed according to  
 the course of the melody, and still he  
 stared upon her with open mouth swal-  
 lowing the air. In the last verse he  
 joined her himself with a very audible  
 voice, and then started up, exclaiming,  
 " Now I'll be damned if there is not  
 " more natural expression in that song,  
 " than in all the overtures, solos, and  
 " sonatas, that ever were composed! Ita-  
 " lians! damn them! a parcel of scream-  
 " ing,

“ing, squaling, chattering, chromatic,  
 “wry-faced baboons! What a devil  
 “hast thou to do with such creatures,  
 “wench, or their songs either? No,  
 “leave those vanities, and sing the  
 “true Caledonian music. Sing me  
 “*Sour Plumbs*.” “Ah! Sir,” said  
 she, “if you heard Mr. Hawthorn  
 “play *Sour Plumbs* on his fiddle! how  
 “charming!” “What a pox tell  
 “you me of Mr. Hawthorn for?” re-  
 plied he. “Hawthorn is an ass;  
 “he plays adagios and recitativos;  
 “and would sing them too, I suppose,  
 “if he could: besides, he is an effe-  
 “minate rascal, for he can neither  
 “endure a tobacco-pipe nor a bag-  
 “pipe.” And I can tell you”—“And  
 “I can tell you, Mr. Woodbine,”  
 cried Maria, rising up, “that I will  
 “not sing another note this night.  
 “Good repose to your worship: fare-  
 “well, Mr. Brook.” She was then  
 tripping away, but the ‘Squire making  
 a spring,

a spring, got between her and the door,  
and replaced her by force in her chair.  
“ Why, you little head-strong romp,”  
said he, “ how can you take offence  
“ at what a man says in jest? And have  
“ you not so much understanding as  
“ to know, that I cannot speak an ill-  
“ word of Hawthorn, in earnest? If  
“ I did, I deserve to be damned; for  
“ a better fellow I know not: so ten-  
“ der-hearted! by the Lord, I am  
“ more obliged to him than I am able  
“ to tell. Come, let us drink his  
“ health. And let me tell you, his  
“ companion, Windmill, is a good  
“ lad too: *similis simili gaudet.*”  
“ Why, Mr. Woodbine,” said  
Maria, feigning surprize, “ I never  
“ heard any thing of this. I protest,  
“ I took Mr. Windmill to be a wild,  
“ thoughtless, giddy gentleman, that  
“ cared for nobody’s distress if he was  
“ pleased himself.” “ Ay,” quoth  
the Squire, “ many people say so of  
“ him,



“ him, but they are damned liars and  
 “ subtractors. I know the contrary ;  
 “ and have been convinced of it,  
 “ i’faith. And I’ll tell you how that  
 “ was, if you’ll sing me *Auld Rob*  
 “ *Morris.*” “ O my dear Sir, with  
 “ all my heart !” and she sung it ac-  
 cordingly with great spirit.

“ Come now, Mr. Brook,” said he,  
 “ let us drink to her in a bumper.  
 “ By the Lord, you jade, if you could  
 “ drink as well as you can sing, I  
 “ would—but hold, I must tell you  
 “ the story. I had often heard Wind-  
 “ mill railing against the folly and  
 “ weakness of bestowing charity, and  
 “ I had as often heard him praised by  
 “ the country people for a good cha-  
 “ ritable lad. I could not tell what  
 “ to make of this. However, I re-  
 “ solved to try him by some stratagem  
 “ myself ; and this I did in an odd  
 “ enough way, one winter while I was  
 “ at Edinburgh with a couple of  
 “ damned

“ damned lawyers, who kept me  
 “ dangling three weeks about a piece  
 “ of business which might have been  
 “ finished in as many hours. Well,  
 “ our friend Andrew was dining with  
 “ me one day, and went away after  
 “ the second bottle, obstinately re-  
 “ fusing to take a third, in spite of  
 “ all the entreaties I could use, and  
 “ telling me he was obliged to go to  
 “ the music-shop to meet an acquaint-  
 “ ance. I damned him for a coward-  
 “ ly, pulling, puking, puny, fiddling  
 “ scoundrel, and bade him go about  
 “ his business: to which he answered  
 “ never a word, but went off smiling:  
 “ He had not been long gone, when  
 “ there comes to the door a poor mi-  
 “ serable wretch, squeaking upon  
 “ something like a fiddle. I ordered  
 “ him to be called in, and to get some  
 “ meat and drink; for which the poor  
 “ devil loaded me with a profusion of  
 “ blessings, and in such a style as made  
 “ me

“ me suspect he had seen better days,  
 “ though at present he was the very  
 “ picture of wretchedness. On his  
 “ head he wore the tattered remains  
 “ of an old broad-brimmed hat, be-  
 “ neath which was a wig that, in the  
 “ days of its prosperity, had belong-  
 “ ed to some barrister or dignified di-  
 “ vine; and the rest of his carcass,  
 “ down to the very heels, was wrapt  
 “ in a blanket, which concealed shreds  
 “ and rags without number. The  
 “ thought immediately struck me.  
 “ I bargained with this creature for  
 “ the loan of his hat, wig, and blan-  
 “ ket; and having equipped myself  
 “ with these, and made such other al-  
 “ terations in my dress as I thought  
 “ would completely disguise me, I  
 “ took his fiddle in my hand, and went  
 “ away to the music-shop after Wind-  
 “ mill. There I found four or five  
 “ of your fashionable gentlemen; fid-  
 “ lers, I suppose they were, or play-  
 “ ers;



“ers; yet they might be Lords for  
 “aught I know. I begged a string  
 “for God’s sake. One of the beaus  
 “observed, that my fiddle was chop-  
 “fallen: a second swore it was bro-  
 “ken-backed: ’tis the liker himself,  
 “cried a third. But, demme, con-  
 “tinued he, demme, fellow, can’t  
 “you play us a tune? Indeed I can,  
 “said I, speaking in the mildest tone  
 “I possibly could; indeed I can, Sir,  
 “but to no great purpose. Ay,  
 “demme, that I believe, answered  
 “this wit; but come let us hear.  
 “Upon this I played *Over the Hills*,  
 “which, by the bye, I could play  
 “very well once, about fix and thirty  
 “years ago. O *Caro!* exclaimed  
 “one: *Music has charms to soothe the*  
 “*savage breast*, cried another, in a  
 “theatrical tone: but Windmill, who  
 “had been all the while sitting at a  
 “spinnet, rose and threw me a half-  
 “penny, telling me I had played  
 “enough.

" enough. God bless your honour,  
 " quoth I, and then with two or three  
 " bows went out. I had not gone  
 " twenty yards from the door, when  
 " Windmill was at my elbow: poor  
 " old fellow, said he, I heartily pity  
 " you, and heartily despise the cow-  
 " ardly asses who just now flouted  
 " you; none but asses and cowards  
 " would insult the wretched. Here's  
 " a shilling for you to get you supper,  
 " At this I could contain no longer:  
 " my dear, worthy, good, charitable  
 " Sir, quoth I, in my own voice, the  
 " Lord reward your unheard of and  
 " unutterable generosity; and now  
 " will you go and take the third  
 " bottle?"

## C H A P. XI.

HOW MR. BROOK ENQUIRED INTO THE  
STATE OF 'SQUIRE WINDMILL'S CON-  
SCIENCE, AND CHARITABLY OFFERED  
HIM GHOSTLY COUNSEL.

FROM some small and almost imper-  
ceptible circumstances, which the  
penetrating eye of Mr. Brook had  
observed, during the preceding con-  
versation, he was strongly confirmed  
in an opinion which he had lately tak-  
en up, that Maria was far gone in a  
presumptuous and hopeless passion for  
Mr. Windmill. He had perceived  
these two young persons, more than  
once, in situations abundantly tender,  
and he thought there was reason to  
dread the worst: for so elegant was  
the form of Maria, so striking the  
charms of her countenance, and so be-  
witching



witching the vivacity which accompanied all her motions, that her presence might have conjured up the spirit of desire even in the cell of the anchorite, in spite of the crucifix, the scourge, and the skull. What emotions then might be supposed to take place in the heart of the gay, the youthful, and the healthful Windmill!

The righteous spirit of Mr. Brook was deeply troubled at this thought; the whole night he did nothing but sleep and ruminate upon it, viewing all its probable consequences with a sad fertility of imagination. To lighten his mind a little he betook himself early in the morning to Ven-ville, Mr. Windmill's seat, where raising that gentleman from the bed of sloth, he exhorted him to give ear to the words of reproof. Then he began an excellent homily concerning his intimacy with Maria: he expressed in dubious phrases the scruples he had

conceived touching the nature of that intimacy: he charitably supposed that all as yet was well; but recommended the utmost caution and circumspection for the future. "Give me thy hand," "Reverend Sir," cried Windmill smiling; "thy charitable zeal pleaseth me right well. But you must give me leave to exclaim with the poet,

"What fool hath added water to the sea?

"Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?"

"For you must know, Sir, that I

"am daily and nightly entertained

"with lectures of this kind. My

"friend Hawthorn, not content with

"forcing me to accompany him

"to church every Sunday, takes

"upon him frequently to give me

"a specimen of his own abilities in

"the preaching way. What envious

"knaves you both are, that cannot

"see a man divert himself innocently

"with a pretty girl, but you must

be advised

"come

“come snarling upon him like a  
 “couple of terriers! Pray, Sir, what  
 “crime do you spy, through your  
 “microscope of casuistry, in my in-  
 “timacy with Maria?”—“That you  
 “have made the poor, foolish creature  
 “love you,” said the Parson, “and you  
 “know the consequence of that.”—“I  
 “know,” said Windmill, “what con-  
 “sequence your wise noddle points at;  
 “That she might be easily ruined;  
 “but, let me tell you, Sir, it is  
 “wretchedly drawn. Suppose that  
 “she really did love me, it follows not  
 “that I love her; and where then is  
 “the danger?”—At this Brook shook  
 his head, and muttered something  
 about temptation.—“You are wrong,”  
 continued Windmill. “Because I see  
 “her young, beautiful, sprightly, hu-  
 “morous, and good-natured, must I  
 “blast all these qualities, and destroy  
 “her for ever? Sir, I have done plenty  
 “of mischief for the years I have  
 “lived:



"lived: I mean not to be a very  
 "devil."—"What!" quoth the Par-  
 son, "will you marry her?"—"Have  
 "you any objections, Doctor?" re-  
 turned Windmill. "Be grateful now:  
 "remember, that when you married  
 "my sister, I wished you joy most  
 "heartily; though, for doing so, our  
 "learned neighbour, Sir Toby, called  
 "me a thousand fools. I don't cast  
 "this in your teeth by way of re-  
 "proach; on the contrary, I glory in  
 "it: but let that pass, What have I  
 "to do with marriage? If you were  
 "not a married man, I could offer  
 "you, Sir, forty good reasons against  
 "it, and as many sayings and sentences  
 "of the wise in praise of a single life.  
 "But why should I discover Heaven  
 "to a wretched soul in Purgatory?  
 "Besides, Brother, I must inform you,  
 "that I have lately got a new light  
 "with regard to the differences of  
 "rank. By some neglect in my edu-  
 "cation

" cation my first ideas of that matter  
 " were not very just; and what im-  
 " perfect notions I had were entirely  
 " scattered by Mr. Woodbine's ri-  
 " diculous harangues. But by some  
 " observations which I heard Sir Toby  
 " Martlet make, and my own subse-  
 " quent meditations thereupon, I have  
 " now at length attained to a true  
 " sense of my dignity. Now don't I  
 " know Maria for a creature of no  
 " family nor fortune; for a creature  
 " advanced from rags and wretched-  
 " ness, by the caprice of Woodbine,  
 " to the character she now bears?  
 " And could I think of such a crea-  
 " ture to bear the ancient and noble  
 " name of Windmill? Would I cor-  
 " taminate my lofty blood by mixing—  
 " away! the thought transports me  
 " from my senses. What avail her  
 " shape, her bloom, her gaiety, her  
 " wit, her songs that make old Wood-

“bine roar in rapture? What avail  
 “these, I say, Sir, to a person that,  
 “like me, hath a true sense of his  
 “dignity? Fye! Doctor, go read your  
 “St. Origen, and talk no more of  
 “marriage.”

Mr. Brook understood this decla-  
 mation so well, that he was perfectly  
 satisfied of Windmill's honourable in-  
 tentions; and going home, he said to  
 his wife, “My dear Madie, I'll hold  
 “you any wager that your brother  
 “intends to marry that little mad-  
 “cap Maria.”—“I shall be glad to  
 “hear so,” replied Mrs. Brook: “my  
 “brother has no need of marrying a  
 “fortune, and Maria wants no other  
 “qualification to make him happy.”



## C H A P. XII.

WHICH TREATS OF A VALUABLE ANTIQUE,  
AND OTHER MATTERS.

MR. WOODBINE set out one morning to fetch home his daughter from Gowkton; and, by the way, fell in with Mr. Windmill, bound for the same place. Upon their arrival at the mansion they found great divisions in the family; Laura and Hawthorn being in one room, reading Tasso; Miss Polly and Mr. Dibble in another, playing at shuttle-cock; and Sir Toby in his library, poring on Sir Isaac Newton's treatise of the quadrature of curves in order to find the fluent of a given fluxion. Squire Woodbine having assembled them, insisted upon having them all to Birkhall: "There is not  
i 4 " room,"

"room," said he, "for a man to turn  
 "himself in this house for globes,  
 "and spheres, and astrolobes. I hurt  
 "my shins just now coming up stairs,  
 "against the end of the ten-foot tele-  
 "scope. I wonder, Miss Martlet, you  
 "are not torn in pieces. Now, I have  
 "a dozen rooms at least standing te-  
 "nantless, to my unspeakable grief.  
 "Come, you shall be happy with me,  
 "if doing what you please can make  
 "you so. I am an old fellow; but  
 "that is not my fault; I will be as  
 "merry as any of you. And you, my  
 "dear Sir Toby, my guide, philo-  
 "sopher, and friend, you cannot surely  
 "refuse to favour us with your ve-  
 "nerable presence. We'll give you  
 "employment, man; for when any  
 "of our bottles appear too little, you  
 "shall calculate how much they can  
 "hold, while we are drinking what  
 "they held."

His

His propofal was agreed to, and they were juft on the point of departure, when Windmill defired their patience a little, till he fhould deliver a very valuable curiofity to Sir Toby. Then he called his fervant, who brought up a bundle, carefully wrapt in many papers, which when he had taken off there appeared the rude representation of a man's head, made of a coarfe piece of free-ftone. Mr. Windmill informed them, that he had got this head from a gentleman of Falkirk, who purchafed it for a trifle from fome fimple countrymen, who found it as they were digging near a part of Graham's dyke: that feveral learned antiquaries had fince examined it, with the higheft pleafure, and generally agreed in pronouncing it to be the remains of a buft of Severus: that he had been foli- cited to prefent it to the College of Glasgou, which is already in poffeffion of feveral antiques, nearly of equal value with



this; but that his private friendship being stronger than his public spirit, he chose rather to present it to Sir Toby Martlet.

Scarce with more rapture does the youthful lover first circle in his arms the nymph of his heart than Toby circled this precious head. He returned Windmill a thousand thanks; declared that he would have it inclosed in a glass frame, and set up in his study; begged Mr. Woodbine to excuse him for that night, that he might have time to enjoy the feast which his worthy friend had provided for him; and promised to be at Birkhall, if possible, next day to dinner. "What," said Woodbine, "wilt thou forsake the company of us thy friends, to contemplate a dirty, ugly, old stone? Nay then, thou art a philosopher indeed! and hast no more affection nor feeling than the stone itself! Come, let him mispend his time as he pleases; we

"we know how to employ ours better."

This famous bust, to speak the naked truth of it, was neither of Roman nor Grecian manufacture; but had been carved about twenty years before, by the hand of an ingenious country mason, to adorn a dial in a farmer's yard. There it was observed, fallen from its pedestal, by Mr. Windmill, who purchased it for a shilling of the farmer's wife for the very purpose to which he applied it so successfully. Many tricks of this kind he had before played the poor knight; whose credulity, however, was not at all lessened by the discovery of the deceits it exposed him to.

Woodbine then departed with his train to the Castle, where nothing remarkable happened till next day; when, just as they were sat down to dinner, all jocund and merry, the grave visage of Sir Toby popt in upon

i 6

them.

them. He repeated a solemn oration, which he had composed by the way, in excuse for his absence; informing them, that, disdaining the inactivity of sleep, he had been employed all night in reading Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*, and consulting all the ancient writers that mention any thing of the Roman affairs in Britain; in which disquisition he had gathered such materials as enabled him to compose a dissertation, proving that the head given him by Mr. Windmill was a real antique bust of Severus; and this he now offered to read, for the instruction of the company. "I will save you that trouble," cried Mr. Dibble. "Wait but a little, till I have satisfied my hunger on this excellent calf's head before me, and I will prove that your stone is no more a head of Severus than of Kouli Khan."

The



The Knight was confounded at this bold assertion, and cast a look of disdain and rage on the School-master. These two, indeed, being real contraries, had of a long time entertained but a poor opinion of each other, and this was now grown to perfect contempt. Sir Toby regarded Dibble as an ignorant, impertinent fool; and Dibble rated Sir Toby for a downright ass. “What proofs, learned Sir,” quoth the Knight, “can you offer in support of this conceit, which you have advanced so hastily and magisterially, to say no worse?”—“Why,” replied Dibble, “I have one pretty good proof, which is, that I saw Mr. Windmill take your Severus out of William Purdie’s yard at Rigrav. And I remember very well when I was at school in the same village, staying with my uncle, Henry Pimpernel, we used to hurl sticks and stones, and rotten eggs, and

“ and turnips at it as we past. The  
 “ whole village then believed it to be  
 “ the workmanship of old Peter Dob-  
 “ bie. How it has since been trans-  
 “ ported to Graham’s dyke, transform-  
 “ ed, or metamorphosed, so to speak,  
 “ into the bust of a Roman Emperor,  
 “ and afterwards brought back to its  
 “ old station, I really am not able per-  
 “ fectly to understand. To explain  
 “ this I think will require a second  
 “ dissertation. Miss Polly, I do my-  
 “ self the honour to drink your  
 “ health.”

A good deal of laughter now ensued  
 at the expence of Sir Toby, who bore  
 it all with humility and patience, slip-  
 ping his dissertation into his pocket,  
 crossing himself divers times, (for he  
 was a good Catholic) and ejaculating,  
*Qui inquirebant mala mihi, locuti sunt*  
*vanitates, et dolos tota die meditabantur.*

To enjoy the delicious evening they  
 all betook themselves to the fields,  
 where

where Mr. Dibble most unaccountably happened to stray from the rest of the company; unaccountably, I say, for he was certainly no lover of solitary contemplation. As he came sauntering along in the chesnut-grove, whom should he stumble upon, behind a bush, but Maria, gathering cresses in the brook: and, sitting down on the sloping bank, he began to hold discourse with her, while she continued her employment, not in the least disconcerted at his presence. The warmth of the evening, the warbling of the birds, the whispering of the grove, and the murmuring of the brook, now conspired to turn into their proper channels those superabundant spirits which the Squire's good cheer had produced in the body of Mr. Dibble; and their flow was not at all retarded by the smiles of the merry girl before him. This beau-grammarian, though he seemed to be only skin and bone, was in reality flesh and blood: the  
strength



strength of the temptation too was  
 great; for Maria, always charming,  
 looked uncommonly so that night.  
 When these things therefore are con-  
 sidered, no person of charity or fellow-  
 feeling will be surprized that Mr.  
 Dibble, after pouring forth a long  
 and lofty love-speech, attempted to  
 ravish a kiss. Maria pushed him off  
 with disdain, and desired him to take  
 himself away quickly, unless he had a  
 mind to be ducked in the brook, or  
 tossed up on some of the trees, to hang  
 for a scare-crow. "What!" cried she,  
 "thou peeping, peeled, pined, tim-  
 ber-legged, hopping sparrow; dost  
 thou take me for such a fool as Miss  
 Polly, to be gulled with thy fustian  
 compliments? No, Sir! March!  
 or by the life of him I love, I'll  
 take thee by the shanks, and throw  
 thee over the hedge!" But, as she  
 said this, chancing to espy Woodbine  
 at a little distance, she suddenly caught  
 Mr.

Mr. Dibble in her arms, and began to scream aloud, " Rape ! Rape ! Murder ! help ! help ! " " *Boog* "

The 'Squire, hearing the voice of his favourite damsel in distress, came running up with all speed. She had now thrown herself down on the grass, dragging Mr. Dibble after her, and continuing her screams incessantly. Woodbine, without observing who the ravisher was, lent him a pretty tolerable box on the ear, and drew him off from the struggling nymph. Dibble, who was half mad at Maria's sarcasms and violence, which he durst not resent with blows, glad of an object to vent his wrath upon; flew on the 'Squire in a blind transport of fury. In a moment they were together by the ears, hugging and pelting each other like two unskilful boxers. The disconsolate lady, observing that they stood very near the abrupt verge of the brook, with a sudden push sent them both over  
into

into the water. Then set up her throat again with "Murder! Murder! help, good Christians! Murder! Murder!"

First came running Windmill, then Hawthorn, Sir Toby, Laura, and Polly: they gathered in amazement round the pool: Maria burst out a laughing, and ran off.

But who can tell what mirth ensued when the combatants gained the shore, shaking their ears? and when Mr. Dibble, having now got his rage allayed by the fists of the Squire, and the coldness of the water, humbly begged pardon of his antagonist, protesting that he did not know him? Then how the peals of laughter were redoubled, as every explanation made the matter worse! But Woodbine, who loved not to be a laughing-stock to other men's humours, ran home directly in search of Maria. She con-

fessed



ferred the whole affair to him very frankly, and easily obtained forgiveness, upon promising to sing *Gallowshields* whenever he should ask it.

## C H A P. XIII.

## LOVE AFFAIRS.

BUT Maria was destined by fate to engage in softer battles that night. Mr. Windmill, taking an opportunity to give the company the slip, stole away to the Manse, and delivered a very serious discourse to his friend Mr. Brook. It consisted of three heads; the first ridiculing matrimony, the second satyrizing Maria, and the third requesting that the Parson would directly marry him to that nymph. "This night," said he, "the little sorceress has promised to meet me, between

" between twelve and one, in Wood-  
 " bine's chesnut-grove; and I have  
 " promised, Doctor, to have you there  
 " in waiting."—"You have then pro-  
 " mised too much," quoth Brook.  
 " You know on what sort of footing  
 " I stand with my reverend brethren,  
 " and you may suppose they would  
 " be very ready to catch at any fan-  
 " cied failure of duty in me. It is  
 " easy to foresee what a clamour they  
 " would raise if, on this occasion, I  
 " should neglect the customary forms,  
 " and join you in a clandestine man-  
 " ner. I cannot, Sir: you must have  
 " the banns regularly published."—  
 Windmill swore that he would rather  
 want a wife to his dying day, than  
 have his name bawled out in the kirk:  
 and that besides he had formed a  
 scheme (from which he promised  
 himself abundance of romantic plea-  
 sure) of concealing his marriage du-  
 ring the summer months, and meeting  
 his

his Maria every night in the grove; which scheme he would not sacrifice to the General Assembly itself, even though John Knox should arise from the dead to be Moderator. The Parson, however, persisted; and the altercation continued till the hour of appointment arrived, when he gave a kind of half consent, and suffered himself to be lugged to the place, hoping that perhaps the lady would not come.

But in this hope he was disappointed. True to her promise, Maria came tripping down the vale; the breeze of night playing in her locks, and fanning the warm bloom that glowed on her cheek. Windmill clasped her panting in his arms, while her face was overspread with a bewitching crimson, and her eyes sparkled with sincere joy. He fastened on her pouting lips as if he meant to smother her with kisses: she seemed to imbibe a portion of his fire, and threw her arms around

his



his neck. But, in the midst of this rapture, they were alarmed by the Parson suddenly starting away, and endeavouring to make his escape. Windmill ran and brought him back by force, asking him what he meant. He said he meant to go home as fast as he could, and desired them to do the like; for every syllable of the matrimony had unfortunately slipped from his memory, and he was not able to do their business that night. Windmill told him that this excuse would not pass; that such a well-gifted man as he could never be at a loss for a few words; and that the fewer he gave them, so much the better. “Are you willing then,” said he, “this night, before heaven and these trees, to take this man for better or worse?” — “Yes!” answered Maria, without hesitation. He curled his nose, and rubbed his brow, “I need not ask if you, Squire, are willing: but then, who giveth this  
 and woman

"woman to be married to this man?  
 "Nobody answers. Why then, the ce-  
 "remony is at an end, and I cannot say  
 "a word more; for the bride must of  
 "necessity be given away."—"Fye,  
 "man!" cried Windmill, "you go not  
 "the right way to work. You are for  
 "marrying us after the superstitious  
 "fashion of the Episcopalians."—"No  
 "matter," quoth the Parson, "I can  
 "do it no other way."—"Tut!" said  
 "Maria, "Mr. Brook, can't I give my-  
 "self away? But come a little on this  
 "side; here is a good old venerable  
 "tree, you may suppose that to be  
 "my father."

At that instant there started up from  
 a fern brake, just by their side, the  
 figure of a man, in a long mantle,  
 with a basket in one hand, and a sheet  
 of paper in the other. He stood for  
 a moment with a grave air, and then,  
 pulling off his hat, discovered the  
 visage of Sir Toby Marchmont.

Maria

Maria was frightened, and Wind-  
 mill curst the Knight heartily within  
 himself. However, resolving to put  
 a bold face on the matter, he told him  
 that he was come in very good time,  
 for they were then in great want of  
 such a person. "Indeed" quoth Toby,  
 "I think I am come in very good  
 "time. And now, Gentlemen both,  
 "I have a most excellent opportunity  
 "of revenging the many foolish and  
 "impertinent tricks which from time  
 "to time you have put upon me. I  
 "must observe, Mr. Brook, that it  
 "agrees not well with your character  
 "to turn hedge-coupler in this man-  
 "ner; and you may expect that I  
 "will lodge an information with your  
 "Presbytery against you. As for my  
 "good friend, Mr. Windmill, I am  
 "not surprized that he wishes to keep  
 "this unequal and ridiculous match  
 "a profound secret: for which rea-  
 "son, on Sunday next, I will affix a  
 "full



“full account of it to the church”  
 “door, for the inspection of the whole  
 “parish.”

Windmill never had a greater mind  
 to kick any body; but he saw there  
 was a necessity for cajoling his man.  
 The Parson sat dolefully down on the  
 ground, to consider what he would  
 say for himself to the Presbytery. But  
 Maria, being nettled at some of Sir  
 Toby's expressions, asked him, with  
 a peculiar tartness of face, whether in  
 all his vast reading, he had ever met  
 with a work called *Æsop's fables*?  
 With a true philosophic calmness and  
 simplicity, he answered, That he had.  
 “Well then,” said she, “there is a story  
 “in it, about a fox and four grapes,  
 “which I recommend to your serious  
 “meditation. But for the present, I  
 “will here reveal in confession to Mr.  
 “Brook, that you made love to me  
 “as well as you was able, with great  
 “perseverance, for the space of one  
 “Vol. I.” k “whole

"whole year."—"This I will not  
 "deny," said he, no way disconcerted  
 at the discovery ; " but you will own,  
 "that my manner was very different  
 "from Mr. Windmill's. Did I ever  
 "desire you to meet me in the woods  
 "at midnight? and was not my  
 "behaviour always sober and dis-  
 "passionate? My views too, were dif-  
 "ferent from his. He hath nothing  
 "in his head, I suppose, but the mere  
 "desire of sensual enjoyment; but I  
 "was actuated by higher motives. I  
 "could nowhere observe a girl of  
 "such a florid, luxuriant, and fair  
 "guine complexion, and, baring your  
 "shortness, of such nice proportions  
 "as you; and I was convinced, that  
 "by having a female of this kind en-  
 "tirely in my possession, I should  
 "certainly make very interesting dis-  
 "coveries in some parts of physical  
 "knowledge, which are as yet but  
 "imperfectly known to the learned."—  
 whole " "Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!" cried Maria, snatching up a pine branch, and scourging him about: "You fool, ass, dolt, colt, mule, dromedary, stock, block"—Windmill relieved the poor philosopher from this discipline, by laying hold on the enraged nymph, and stopping her mouth with a kiss; while the Knight lifted up his hands to heaven, crying "Blessed be the learned St. Thomas of Aquin, and the most holy virgin St. Agnes, for having delivered me from the claws of this termagant!"

A ridiculous plot then came into Windmill's head, and he desired the bride to go and administer comfort to the Parson till he should have said a few words to Sir Toby in private. Recollecting that he had a considerable quantity of verses, which had been written by Hawthorn long before, he resolved to cook them up some way or other, and pass them



upon the Knight for an ancient poem. Accordingly, he told him a grave story of a stone coffin that had been discovered, all full of papers, which seemed to be manuscripts, but none of them legible except one bundle, which was in his custody; and promised to make him a present of this, if he would keep a close mouth till he should give him leave to speak. The Knight swallowed this bait with the utmost avidity, hugged Windmill in his arms, wished him great joy, begged pardon of the bride, shook the Parson's hand, and vowed the most inviolable secrecy. They were amazed and rejoiced at this sudden change. The Parson's face instantly cleared up, and he dispatched the matrimony in a trice.

This important affair being over, and Maria saluted by the name of Mrs. Windmill, they enquired the reason of Sir Toby's appearance in so lonely a place at such a time of night.

He

He gave them to understand, that he had read in some book, that the seed of the fern, and of other plants in the class *Cryptogamia*, might be easily gathered, by the help of a good watch, about five minutes after twelve o'clock on Midsummer night; but that he was now convinced of the falsity of this assertion; for, after having set his watch by the sun with the utmost accuracy, he had been beating about among the brakes for half an hour before they came, without the least success.

Mr. Brook then yawning, declared that he was very drowsy, took Sir Toby by the arm, and led him off, leaving the young couple to wander homeward through the groves at their leisure.

## C H A P. XIV.

## MORE LOVE AFFAIRS.

In the mean time a nocturnal interview, somewhat akin to this, but not quite so intimate, had taken place between Hawthorn and Laura. I would fain acquaint the reader by what methods the youth prevailed on her to indulge him so signally: I would fain relate the difficulty which he found in breaking his passion to her, and the care with which he chose a critical minute for that purpose; the moving declamation which he poured forth at her feet, and the sentimental strokes—abrupt—and—pathetic, which he uttered; together with the affected coyness she put on, and the many pretty lies



lies she told, before she would trust herself to wander with him alone beneath the moon's pale beams. But as nothing of all this happened, I dare not wrong the truth, for the sake of introducing florid speeches, although I must, by this scrupulosity, considerably curtail my work; for you are sensible, my dear reader, that the above topics, if managed with due tediousness, might fill at least one volume. The truth is, the lovely girl and amiable youth of whom I now write, were distractedly in love with each other before one word of love escaped their lips.

They were daily engaged in musical performances, in which Hawthorn often drew delicious tears from the eyes of Laura, and she in return often transported him into Paradise. Upon those occasions, old Woodbine never failed to testify his satisfaction, unless it chanced that the airs performed

were too learned for his comprehension : and he was so far from discouraging Hawthorn's intimacy with his daughter, that he heartily wished the youth would formally demand her in marriage. Hawthorn, however, entertained no thought so ambitious ; and it was by a transition insensible to himself, that his discourse to Laura changed from the language of civility to that of passion.

A little below the castle, and not far from the river, was a walk which Laura soon after her arrival had remarked for its beauty. In forming it, Art had lent no aid, and the charms of simple Nature remained there inviolate. It was shaded irregularly by trees of different kinds, the survivors of an ancient plantation ; and a rivulet rambled along by its side, which after forming a pool beneath a hollow rock, with soothing murmur fell into the Tay. From the verge of this rock  
the

the castle was seen, as built upon the tops of the intervening groves, where it hung like an enchanted palace in the clouds.

Here Laura one night had wandered down, tempted forth by the stillness of the air, and the clearness of the moonshine; and who should she find, by the side of the rock, but Hawthorn, with a flute in his hand, fast asleep upon the moss. It was no uncommon thing for him to trace all those environs during the night, conversing musically with the tuneful echo at places where he knew that nymph would reply. Laura stood gazing on him for some minutes with pleasing rapture, which was not at all lessened by hearing him pronounce her name in his sleep. At that happy moment, Cupid transforming himself into a large owl, pitched upon a neighbouring tree, and began To-whit to-whoo a merry note: the discordant scream



no sooner entered Hawthorn's ear than he awoke and sprung up. Heavens ! what was his amazement, to find the charming maid, whom he had just been dreaming of, standing before him ! He doubted at first whether it were a continuation of his vision, but was soon sweetly convinced of its reality. They now walked slowly side by side ; and so incoherent was their discourse, that from praising the beauties of the night, they made a rapid transition to praising their own beauties. Hawthorn assured Laura that her image possessed his whole soul ; that it employed his thoughts while awake, and nightly haunted his dreams : and Laura gave Hawthorn to understand, that she was very glad to hear so. Afterwards they returned and sat down by the pool, wherein the moon and twinkling stars and all the fleecy clouds were seen. There they remained, discoursing on subjects which took their attention so powerfully,

powerfully, that they never thought of parting till the village clock struck twelve; and the pleasure they had felt from this conversation was such, that they resolved to renew it as often as possible.

## C H A P. XV.

IN WHICH A NEW CHARACTER IS INTRODUCED.

WHAT name shall we give to the crime of disturbing the innocent felicity of these lovers? Truly, I know not. A crime it certainly was, and that of a very deep dye; proceeding from a heart which had forgotten to feel any joy or sorrow but its own, and in which the benevolent affection retained no place. With pain I introduce to the

reader the person who could perpetrate a deed so little to the honour of human nature.

In the family of Sir Toby lived Mr. Hugh Martlet, younger brother to that Knight; who, after suffering considerable tossings on the waves of this troublesome world, had retired from it early in life to spend his days in sloth and superstition. He was a man of deep and extensive knowledge in divinity and other sciences, which he obtained by mere accident, and with very little pains or expence. At the death of his father he had left Gowkton, and settled at Edinburgh, where he figured away for a while with great eclat; being reckoned by some, a gentleman of wit and pleasure, and by others an abandoned and dissolute madman. But having in his infancy learned that such a course of life deserved, and would certainly receive, severe punishment, his mind was not  
always



always so much at ease as he could have wished. He loved sin too well to think of reforming, and he feared hell-fire too much to resolve a continuance in sin; so that between concupiscence and cowardice, he could find no rest. In this state, he consulted a friend of his, who was reckoned a great philosopher by those who knew nothing of philosophy; and that gentleman counselled him to read certain treatises at his leisure hours, which he said would effectually remove his vain scruples. Accordingly, Mr. Hugh, while he sat at breakfast, and while his hair was dressing, perused the profound and accurate Scholia, set forth by that worthy theologian Voltaire in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. In a few mornings he saw clearly that the Christian religion was nothing but a heap of confused and unintelligible fables. He then dived into the writings of the  
immortal

immortal Hume, whose reasonings, though generally above the pitch of his understanding, puzzled his notions of things so strangely, that he soon became a complete sceptic. He doubted and disbelieved whatever he thought inconvenient, and only admitted as credibilities such things as pleased him. He now gave his inclinations full swing; revelled in the most delicate, refined, and elegant pleasures; and in a very short time bestowed his whole patrimony on bawds, pimps, whores, surgeons, and other persons of merit. The ghastly stare of Poverty soon dissipated the gay visions which had been floating so sweetly around him: he saw himself naked and miserable, and his heart died within him at the sight. He communicated his distress to his friend the philosopher, who advised him to seek consolation from a pistol or a penny cord; an advice which made him shudder with horror. The most

most wretched and contemptible life he thought better than oblivion, and even of oblivion he deemed himself not quite secure.

Being therefore a lad of a ductile genius, he resolved on a plan of life which would at least procure him subsistence and ease. He had lately heard of his brother's conversion to the Roman faith, from the itinerant priest who had perfected that blessed work; and as that priest had formerly done him some special services, which did not go unrewarded, he now did him one out of pure charity. He wrote an apostolic epistle to Sir Toby, in which he represented Mr. Hugh as a chosen vessel of grace, elect and precious; a youth confirmed in knowledge, and stedfast in faith; a zealous propagator, in season, and out of season; and a worthy example of ardour and fortitude. Sir Toby was ravished with holy joy at the receipt of this letter; but



but how much more when Mr. Hugh himself appeared at Gowkton, with a breviary in his hand, saying aloud, *Ecce quam bonum, et quam jucundum, habitare Fratres in unum.* "Welcome, " my dear brother!" cried the simple Toby, with tears running down his beard; "Blessed be the reverend father " Tankard for all his pious deeds, " which he hath so piously performed! " Thou art now reclaimed from the " damnable estate of heresy; dwell in " my house, and give thy soul to sacred " contemplation." From that moment Mr. Hugh counterfeited the devotee so excellently well, that Sir Toby regarded him as little less than a Saint, and was in daily expectation of seeing a miracle wrought by his hands. He saw no company, and made no visits; but kept close in the mansion, conversing with St. Augustine in public, and St. Rochester in private; studying *Secunda* *secunda*

*secundæ* in the morning, and *La Pucelle d'Orleans* in the evening.

But now the devil entering into him, persuaded him to visit at Birkhall. There he saw Laura, in the bloom of her charms, tempting as Dione when in search of Adonis she traversed the Idalian grove: his pulse beat hard, and his bosom burned with gross and gloomy fire. There he also saw the favourite Hawthorn, not inferior in form to the son of Cynaras; and Envy forthwith darted her torch with lugubrious flame to encrease his torture. In the bottom of his dastardly soul, cursing that happy youth, he retired to plot schemes of diabolic intent. He was now hardly ever at home, but skulked the most of the day, and sometimes also of the night, about the avenues and walks of Birkhall, concealing himself in bushes and brakes, to observe what he might turn to his advantage. In the course of those  
vigils,

vigils, he discovered the places where Laura used to meet her enraptured lover, and where Maria at a later hour flew to the arms of her husband. He perched upon trees at different times and places, where he distinctly heard their conversation, and beheld the chaste raptures they enjoyed with the malignity of an infernal demon.

## C H A P. XVI.

### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It was a rainy, heavy, foggy morning. In Woodbine's hall, loud yawns and lengthened faces presaged a weary day. The usual amusements appeared tasteless. Music, backgammon, cards, dissertations, had no allurements; and every one seemed to wish for some new pastime.

Mr.



Mr. Dibble entered with a theatrical step, exclaiming, "Spleen, thou worst of ills below, fly!"—"Welcome, valiant Hic-hæc-hoc!" cried Woodbine; "this fog will suffocate us all, unless we have some dissipation."—"A foutra for the fog," quoth Mr. Dibble, "I take upon me to banish dullness from these fields for six weeks to come. I defy the rain, and the east-wind. I laugh to scorn all *Ennui*. Let pleasure reign! Here am I, *Patronius secundus Arbitr Elegantiarum*; — ecce *Agnum*!"—pointing to the Castle gate. The company ran to the windows, and beheld a fellow pasting up a large paper on the wall.

"O la!" cried Miss Polly, "can that be a play-bill, I wonder?"—"Ma'am," quoth the School-master, "I have the honour of assuring you that you are right in your conjecture. It is a play-bill, and here is its fellow"—taking one from his pocket,

pocket, and reading with a high tone and emphasis.

This present Evening,  
At the Theatre in PLASHTOWN,  
Will be performed a most excellent Tragedy, called  
**The Albion Queens;**

O R,  
**The Death of MARY Queen of Scots.**

Duke of Norfolk, Mr. PAMBY.

Davison, - - - Mr. DOCK.

Morton, - - - Mr. BAPS.

Cecil, - - - Mr. CODLING.

Gifford, - - - Mr. DUMPLING.

Queen Elizabeth, - Mrs. BAPS.

Queen Mary, - Miss DOCK.

Douglas, the Page, Miss CODLING.

To which will be added, a Musical Entertainment,  
called

**The P A D L O C K.**

Don Diego, - Mr. BAPS.

Leander, - - - Mr. DUMPLING.

Mungo, - - - Mr. CODLING.

Leonora, - - - Miss PAMBY.

And Ursula, - - - Mrs. DOCK.

Being

Being desired to explain this matter more fully, the School-master proceeded: "Last night there arrived at our village a company of Peripatetic Mimics, so to speak, or as the vulgar phrase it, Strolling Players. They stopt to refresh at the Cat and Fiddle, where entering into conversation with the landlord, they received such an account of the gentry in this neighbourhood, as determined them to exert their talents for our entertainment, provided they could find a proper place for their exhibition: Without vanity, I pass in the village for *un bel esprit*; the landlord, therefore, very properly, brought the manager of this company, Mr. Dock, to my house, with a view of taking my advice. I received him courteously; for I respect all persons of ingenuity. I heard his designs, relished them; and instantly took my resolution. By a kind stroke of Madam Fortune, "I had



" I had just given a vacation of six  
 " weeks to my scholars; by which  
 " means, my school-room, by far the  
 " most spacious hall in the village,  
 " presented, so to speak, a noble re-  
 " ceptacle for the sons of Thespis. I  
 " have, therefore, signed articles with  
 " Mr. Dock, advantageous I think for  
 " myself, as I am to have two shares  
 " of the profits, one for my house, and  
 " the other for my salary as an actor;  
 " for I no sooner rehearsed a speech  
 " before the manager than he was  
 " astonished at my theatrical powers,  
 " and earnestly intreated me to appear  
 " occasionally, in some capital parts,  
 " during the time of their performance  
 " here; assuring me that I should have  
 " my choice of characters. I am also  
 " constituted manager, in so far as  
 " regards the reception of new pieces;  
 " in which capacity, I shall be happy  
 " to oblige any gentleman, or lady, in  
 " this presence; (bowing all round)  
 " for

“for I do protest, my chief design  
 “in this adventure, is to promote the  
 “cultivation of the fine arts, and to  
 “advance general and particular en-  
 “tertainment.”

Notwithstanding this affectation of public spirit, Mr. Dibble's real motive for treading the boards, was the desire of displaying his person in a variety of dresses, and engaging, as he hoped, the affections of the ladies, particularly of Miss Polly, whom he had often heard speaking warmly of one Mr. Bouncer, a hero in the Edinburgh company. He knew Bouncer for an ill-looking fellow, with shambling legs, high shoulders, a hooked nose, and whiting's eyes. If such a figure, thought he, modestly, could be rendered amiable by the stage deception, what may not I hope for!

His scheme received the highest approbation from Woodbine and his company, who instantly bespoke the  
 T A H C most

most honourable places in the theatre. Pleased at this, our new manager began to sound the praises of his troop, which though small, consisting only of ten persons, including the music, was, according to him, most admirably suited, and contained the very abstract, so to speak, of all stage excellence. The first tragedian was also first violin. The prompter, who had formerly been a printer's devil, by means of a portable press, published the bills, and even condescended to stick them up. Their ladies were equally fit for the buskin, or the sock; ravishing fingers, and enchanting dancers.

Though the high expectations raised by these encomiums were not completely satisfied by the performance of the evening, yet the judicious few of the audience candidly owned that they had seen worse playing on a Royal Theatre.



## C H A P. XVII.

## CONTAINING AN ANCIENT POEM.

WHILE Squire Woodbine and his train were thus engaging in theatrical pleasures, Sir Toby, good gentleman, in all innocence and simplicity of heart, sat soberly in his study, transcribing and correcting his ancient poem. For Windmill, in consequence of his promise, had retired to Venville, to examine Hawthorn's verses; and finding a part of them which he thought would bear to be read detached from the rest, as a fragment, he had copied it, disguising his hand fantastically, and altering the spelling according to his fancy. After which he soaked the manuscript in a decoction of tobacco

leaves, and rubbed it in different places with clay till it was hardly legible; striking besides about a dozen holes in it with an awl, which he hoped Sir Toby would be so kind as to take for worm holes. In this condition he delivered it to the Knight; who found it such a delicious morsel, and so highly transcending his most sanguine expectations, that he remained, for the space of five days, poring on it in extatic contemplation, during which time he spoke not five sentences to mortal man or woman.

But at length, having completed a fair copy, adorned with notes explanatory, remarks on beautiful passages, chronological illustrations, and conjectural emendations, he made his appearance at Birkhall, with a look of prodigious self-sufficiency, and a demeanour so fierce and supercilious, that he hardly deigned to answer the questions that were put to him. Yet he

he burnt inwardly with impatience to  
 display his treasure, and knew not how  
 to introduce a matter of such con-  
 sequence; till Woodbine chancing to  
 ask him what the devil he had been  
 about all this while, he suddenly broke  
 out in these words: "My worthy  
 "neighbour, you will cease to wonder  
 "at my absence, when I tell you that  
 "in these few days I have cleared a  
 "most beautiful poem from the rust  
 "of more than two centuries. My  
 "friend, Mr. Windmill, hath now  
 "made me full amends for Severus'  
 "head, and all his other deceptions,  
 "by putting me in possession of such  
 "a precious relic of antique poesy as  
 "perhaps cannot be matched by any  
 "antiquary now existing. The ma-  
 "nuscript was discovered by Mr.  
 "Windmill himself, upon his own  
 "estate, in a stone coffin, laid open  
 "by the accidental shooting of a bank  
 "by the river's side. It lay upon the



“ *sternum* of the skeleton ; by which  
 “ situation, many leaves towards the  
 “ beginning have been so unfortu-  
 “ nately tainted, by the corruption of  
 “ the flesh I suppose, as to be utterly  
 “ illegible. Enough however remains  
 “ to convince us how much we ought  
 “ to lament what is lost. This I have  
 “ transcribed, and now will read for  
 “ the applause of the company.” The  
 poem he then read, with a very bad  
 grace ; but it was written as follows.

## MINVELA,

### AN ANCIENT FRAGMENT.

\*\*\*\* Beneath a rock in rugged fissures torn,  
 The bard of Morven lay at noon reclin'd ;  
 Where o'er his head an old fantastic thorn,  
 Diffus'd its fragrance to the passing wind.  
 His harp, in melancholy mood resign'd,  
 Near on a blasted branch in silence hung ;  
 While slow he ponder'd in his pensive mind,  
 The deeds of Fame, that fir'd his bosom young,  
 When dauntless Fingal fought, and grey-hair'd Ullin sung.

## II.

As thus he lay, enwrap't in sacred trance,  
 And from his dim eyes stole the silent tear,  
 An aged Hero, leaning on his lance,  
 With wav'ring steps along the heath drew near,  
 'Twas Murno, weeping for his Uran dear,  
 His gallant son, in fight untimely slain;  
 Exulting forth he went to stain his spear  
 In hostile blood, on Lena's woody plain,  
 And there, in earth's cold womb, his lifeless bones remain.

## III.

Rais'd by the old man's woe, the heav'nly fire  
 Thro' the mild soul of Ossian rushing flew;  
 Quick in his raptur'd hands he took the lyre,  
 And struck a tender strain in measures new.  
 Not softer ever was the breeze that blew  
 Through Selma's groves, or Cona's streamy vale,  
 When to the moon-beams glanc'd the nightly dew,  
 And ghosts of heroes clad in misty mail,  
 With airy maids came hovering o'er the mountains pale.

## IV.

By Luva's streams; (the fightless bard thus sung,)  
 In his grey tow'r did noble TORLOTH dwell,  
 For deeds of glory fam'd the chiefs among;  
 Many a dark foe beneath his valour fell.  
 Nor did his heart in kindness less excel;  
 Still in his plenteous hall the feast was spread,  
 And still went round in joy the sounding shell;  
 Well knew the stranger where at noon to tread,  
 And well at night the wand'rer where to rest his head.

## V.

One maid of beauty blest his life's decline;  
 MINVELA, of the dark and glossy hair,  
 Form'd by kind Nature in her best design,  
 And fairest made of Morven's maidens fair.  
 Many young chiefs had fought with ardent care,  
 Matchless Minvela's secret heart to gain;  
 No spark of love she felt; but free as air,  
 On the green hills, among her virgin train,  
 Rejoic'd with flying shafts o'er the brown deer to reign!

## VI.

'Twas then by winding Carron's stream appear'd  
 Warriors unknown, and loud our chiefs defy'd;  
 Fingal's broad shield was struck, his banner rear'd,  
 And Torloth's steps of age were by his side.  
 They met; they fought; the bank in gore were dy'd,  
 Heroes unnumber'd pale and bleeding lay;  
 And scarce could night the doubtful strife divide—  
 But Torloth sure had sunk in death that day,  
 Had not young FINAN turn'd th' impending stroke away.

## VII.

To Luva's halls, the grateful chief convey'd  
 The blue-ey'd Finan, in his shining car;  
 Come forth, he cried, Minvela, brightest maid,  
 And hail thy father victor from the war!  
 See, on this youth's white breast the bloody scar,  
 That sav'd me from the valiant stranger's sword;  
 Go range the vale, the piney cliffs afar,  
 And wat'ry caves, that herbs of health afford,  
 Till to his wonted strength my hero be restor'd.

## VIII. Soon



## VIII.

Soon did the youth his wonted strength regain,  
 And soon Minvela breathe the secret sigh,  
 As from her harp she call'd its tend'rest strain,  
 In notes scarce heard, that instant fall and die.  
 Her bosom heav'd, and from each swimming eye,  
 A-down her glowing cheek the big tears stole;  
 Grey Torloth smil'd; and Finan, list'ning by,  
 Felt nameless transports darting thro' his soul,  
 At ev'ry rising swell, and pause of fainting dole,

## IX.

The maid, this pining grief to drive away,  
 Resolv'd her woodland pastimes to renew;  
 Then on the hill she stood at dawn of day,  
 Her dogs, with feet of wind, swept o'er the dew,  
 And sure as death her feather'd arrows flew:  
 Sudden was heard the boding eagle's cry;  
 And from the howling desert wild winds blew,  
 Black clouds came rolling round the mountains  
 high,  
 While deep and dreadful thunder rattled o'er the sky.

## X.

On a white rock hung o'er the crashing wood,  
 Sat fair Minvela, leaning on her bow:  
 Raging, and all in foam, swift Luva's flood  
 Boil'd thro' the rocks and broken dens below.  
 How o'er it, lovely huntress, can'st thou go?  
 For on that rock thou may'st not long remain:  
 Dishevell'd in the blast, thy dark locks blow;  
 Cold round thy trembling bosom beats the rain;  
 And starless night will soon thy fearful steps restrain.

## XI.

Across the deep dark chasm, where roar'd the stream,  
 Its moss-grown arm an aged oak had hung,  
 And met the rock beyond. There, while the gleam  
 Of lightning flash'd, and hills with thunder rung,  
 The shiv'ring hunter oft of old had clung,  
 And o'er the torrent work'd his per'ious way.  
 Far, far below, wild caves and shelves among,  
 The waters roll; and mists, ascending grey,  
 To bats, and dismal owls, afford a doubtful day.

## XII.

That pass young Finan knew, and now had seen  
 Minvela wand'ring on the bleak hill's side;  
 Thro' brakes he rush'd, and tangled copses green,  
 Till, standing high above the foaming tide,  
 Give me thy hand, fair maid, he joyful cried,  
 And joyful she her white hand smiling gave;  
 Trembling along the shaking branch they hied:  
 It cracks, it breaks, it falls—no strength could  
 save—

Down the dark void they plunge, amid the flashing wave.

## XIII.

Terloth sat in his hall. The beam blaz'd bright:  
 He fann'd its flame, and wish'd Minvela there.  
 A sharp scream struck his ear. In wild affright  
 He rush'd, and saw his young his lovely pair,  
 Wreath'd round the oak together in despair,  
 And swiftly shouting down the foamy flood.  
 With fruitless cries he fill'd the troubled air;  
 And all the gloomy night, in frantic mood,  
 Roam'd o'er the wat'ry shore, and thro' the groaning wood.

## XIV. Wretched

## XIV.

Wretched old man! I know thy grief too well,  
 Too well my harp has learn'd this dreary strain;  
 In pride of youth my blooming Oscar fell,  
 And last of all my race I now remain.  
 Once, like a tow'ring tree, I grac'd the plain:  
 Shoots round me grew, and flow'rs in fragrant  
 rows;  
 But soon the winter's wind, and freezing rain,  
 Nipt each fair bud, blasted each smiling rose,  
 "And left me naked, bare to ev'ry storm that blows!"

## XV.

Long by the fatal stream he wander'd slow,  
 Long the wild mountain heard his bursting sighs;  
 His empty hall no more he seem'd to know;  
 Dark was to him the earth, and black the skies.  
 At length the distant shouts of war arise,  
 By Luva's bank sad Torloth hears the sound;  
 Reckless of life, to arms once more he flies,  
 His dark ships, launching on the lake profound,  
 Spread their white sails, and fly to Malla's rocky mound.

## XVI.

On green Fererma, in their course, they land,  
 Where the dun roes sport on the woody shore;  
 High on the rock two beams of beauty stand,  
 Young benders of the bow, with shafts in store.  
 Such was the garb my lov'd Minvela wore,  
 Cried Torloth, while swift tears bedimm'd his sight;  
 And such the crested helm young Finan bore,  
 When down the stream, on that disastrous night,  
 Wrapt in fierce storms they sank, for ever from the light,



XVII.

His well-known voice they heard, on this green isle,  
Where by the winged stream they had been borne;  
Quick to his arms they spring; and, for a while,  
Their mingled raptures all expressions scorn.  
The old man's heart, by gnawing grief long worn,  
Again in purest joy began to bound;  
To Luva's streams in triumph they return,  
Once more with dance and song the hills resound;  
And in the hall, once more, the festive shell goes round.

XVIII.

'Twas thus, O Murno, thy lamented son,  
Like Torloth's children, left thee in his prime;  
But for a season is thy hero gone,  
On his own stream, borne to a happier clime.  
And quick, O Murno, hastens on the time,  
When thou shalt meet the gallant youth again:  
His course is now on the white clouds, that climb  
The moon's clear face, when winds their force  
restrain,  
And free the light ghosts wander o'er the starry plain.

XIX.

'Tis there contending warriors meet in peace,  
And on the tempest's wing together ride:  
There in the mutual feast all discords cease;  
Lochlin and Morven sitting side by side.  
For what can now their harmony divide,  
When round them fly so thick the airy deer,  
When the blue fields of heav'n extend so wide?  
No, happy shades, ye have no foes to fear;  
And on your battles past, ye drop a pitying tear! \* \* \* \*

This

This poem received high approbation from the hearers. Woodbine and Windmill were loud in their applauses; and Laura, with great eagerness, requested the Knight to lend her his manuscript, that she might peruse it at her leisure; to which demand he graciously consented, on condition that she should take no copy.

Mr. Dibble alone, to shew his superior taste, resolved to condemn it. "I protest," quoth he, "this precious poem, so proudly puffed, is not worth a pudding. The characters are ill-marked, the stanzas ill-turned, the verses ill-cadenced, and the rhymes execrable. There is no incident, no situation. The introduction is good for little, and the conclusion good for nothing. The sentiments are risible, and the descriptions ridiculous. As for the design, we may not blame that; because there is no design to be perceived in it. But

“ for its pretended antiquity, that may  
 “ reasonably admit some grain of a  
 “ scruple; for who, except such as  
 “ have their mental eyes dimmed with  
 “ learned dust, will be so foolish as  
 “ to believe that a poet two hundred  
 “ years ago could write language nearly  
 “ the same with that which we write at  
 “ this day ?”

“ These cavils,” replied Sir Toby,  
 “ for they deserve not the name of  
 “ criticisms, are so unreasonable and  
 “ outrageous, that they ought to be  
 “ despised rather than answered. They  
 “ are such, indeed, as none but a most  
 “ conceited, superficial, and shallow  
 “ critic could make. When it is con-  
 “ sidered that this poem is but a frag-  
 “ ment, and though it contains a per-  
 “ fect fable, having a beginning, mid-  
 “ dle, and end, yet that it is plainly  
 “ no more than an episode, belong-  
 “ ing to some work of proportionable  
 “ greatness; we should much rather,  
 “ I think,



" I think, admire its perspicuity than  
 " complain that it is covered with  
 " darkness. This pretended darkness,  
 " too, will still more vanish, when we  
 " consider the author's design; which,  
 " though Mr. Dibble could not per-  
 " ceive it, is yet very obvious.

" Mr. Dibble's outcry against the  
 " versification, proves nothing but the  
 " badness of his ears: there are a few  
 " exceptionable rhymes, indeed, but it  
 " is a miracle that there are no more.

" His last objection, in regard to  
 " the stile, is the only one of weight;  
 " and in fact, the first thing that  
 " strikes one upon reading this poem,  
 " is the modern appearance of the  
 " diction. After Mr. Windmill had  
 " communicated his discovery of the  
 " manuscript, and his friendly inten-  
 " tion of presenting it to me, I spent  
 " a whole day in studying Gawin Dou-  
 " glas's Virgil, to familiarize myself  
 " with the ancient idioms and modes  
 " of

“ of spelling. But this labour I might  
 “ well have spared, inasmuch as this  
 “ my poem contains very few anti-  
 “ quated words or phrases, and the  
 “ orthography is not very obscure.

“ It is certain, that our old Scottish  
 “ bards were much smother in their  
 “ numbers than their English cotempo-  
 “ raries. Before Spencer, the southern  
 “ poets seem hardly to have any idea  
 “ of measure at all: whereas, in that  
 “ respect, we cannot sufficiently admire  
 “ the correctness of our James the  
 “ First, our Dunbar, our Kennedy,  
 “ our Scot, our Montgomery; from  
 “ whose works I could produce pas-  
 “ sages that will bear comparison with  
 “ the most refined English poetry. I  
 “ could shew, with great ease, exam-  
 “ ples of that fire, striking abruptness  
 “ of thought, and strength of lan-  
 “ guage, which distinguish the odes  
 “ of Gray; of that sweet modulation,  
 “ regularity of cadence, and lulling  
 “ alli-

“alliteration, which charm us so much  
 “in Pope; and of that brilliant wit,  
 “and oddity of rhymes, which have  
 “rendered Butler immortal. This af-  
 “fords us reason to assert, that the  
 “language was sooner polished by  
 “writers in Scotland than in England:  
 “and I hope it will be allowed, that  
 “my *Minvela* strengthens the asser-  
 “tion in no small degree. It is the  
 “highest imaginable folly to argue  
 “against the authenticity of those  
 “poems, from their being written  
 “with more purity than is to be  
 “found in English works of the same  
 “or a later age; for facts are not to  
 “be overthrown by any arguments  
 “*a priori*.

“My *Minvela*, besides, contains  
 “the strongest intrinsic proof of its  
 “antiquity; and that is, its excel-  
 “lency. Where will you find a poet  
 “now-a-days able to write stanzas with  
 “so much spirit and harmony?”

“If



"If I write not better myself,"  
cried Mr. Dibble; "yes, Sir, if I  
"write not better myself, may I be  
"condemned to sleep all the next  
"winter with the bust of Severus in  
"my bosom!"

### C H A P. XVIII.

AN UNCOMMON SPECIES OF HUNTING,  
DESCRIBED BY MR. DIBBLE.

THE subjects of conversation in mixed company are generally introduced with little regard to connection, and the transitions from one topic to another are often extremely pindaric. Criticism and hunting have little in common; except that the object of both is to run down and tear, with much barking and biting, a poor, timorous, skulking animal, whether author or hare.

hare. I know not, therefore, by what train of ideas Mr. Windmill was led to interrupt the learned disputations of the Knight and the School-master, and to pronounce a speech in praise of the sports of the field, which concluded with a proposal for a general muster of the company next morning, to rouse the woods with hound and horn by break of day. Mr. Woodbine immediately gave sentence, that it should be so; but observed at the same time, that they would probably have no diversion. "If it were October or November," quoth he, "I would be the first man among you; for I know hardly any sport better than hunting the Brock\*."

"You talk of hunting the Brock," said Mr. Dibble; "I was once hunted for a Brock myself." This strange confession made them all prick up their ears, and the School-master pro-

\* The Badger.

ceeded thus. "You must know, I  
 "once kept a school in a certain vil-  
 "lage not many miles from Edin-  
 "burgh; and to this village a confi-  
 "derable number of gentlemen and  
 "ladies, people of fashion I can assure  
 "you, were wont in the summer to  
 "resort; both on account of the  
 "excellent and delightful situation,  
 "which indeed for groves and streams  
 "is not inferior to Tempe so famed of  
 "old, and also for the most admirable  
 "and salutiferous goat-whey which is  
 "there to be had. Those gentry, you  
 "may be sure, are fond of hunting;  
 "and in fact, they take the field every  
 "good day during the season. O ye  
 "Sylvan powers! what a sight it is  
 "to see them come forth in a sunny  
 "morning, mounted on their pranc-  
 "ing courfers, the gentlemen in their  
 "velvet caps and silken jackets, and  
 "the ladies all nodding with plumes,  
 "every one a Harpalyce! In a word,  
 "their



" their appearance and chearful looks  
 " of health ravished my heart so much,  
 " that I could not sleep in peace till  
 " I joined the jovial train, and shared  
 " the glorious sport. I gave my school  
 " the play on a Wednesday, and went  
 " into Edinburgh to purchase a horse.  
 " In this I was most fortunate. I  
 " bought a gelding for fifteen shil-  
 " lings; it is wonderful, but it is true.  
 " He was rather of a small size; how-  
 " ever, I am convinced he was a beast  
 " of good descent, and excellent breed-  
 " ing; but by some accident or other,  
 " he had been running wild a great  
 " while, and was become as rough  
 " and shaggy as a goat. I knew I  
 " could have a saddle and bridle at  
 " our own place, and therefore I  
 " mounted and rode him home bare  
 " as he was: I had been accustomed  
 " to such riding in my boyish days.  
 " I went directly and procured proper  
 " furniture from Mr. Pilcock's, our  
 " fadler,

"saddler, resolving to follow the hounds  
 "next morning. But as I would have  
 "had my horse look somewhat smooth  
 "and decent, at night I went to the  
 "stable with a candle and singed off all  
 "the long lank hair which covered al-  
 "most his whole body, then rubbed  
 "him down with a whisp of straw,  
 "and, Sir, he was quite another thing.  
 "Well, in the morning, I fell in with  
 "the company at the town's end.  
 "Every one was rejoiced to see me:  
 "the ladies, in particular, came pranc-  
 "ing around me: but I will not boast,  
 "for I hate vanity. I had borrowed  
 "a hunting cap from Mr. Funk,  
 "Colonel Humdrum's groom, (at  
 "that time, I remember, the Colo-  
 "nel's eldest son was my scholar)  
 "and to this cap I had added a fea-  
 "ther of my own invention, which  
 "became me very well. The pack  
 "of hounds belonged to the Colonel:  
 "he shook me by the hand, and de-  
 "fired

“ fired me to keep near him during  
 “ the chase. I should have said,

“ Well, to come to my story, in a  
 “ very short time we unkennelled a  
 “ fox, and then did we follow follow  
 “ follow the hounds in full cry, as the  
 “ song goes. I found my hunter was  
 “ a little spavined in the far hind-foot;  
 “ however it did not hinder his run-  
 “ ning at all. I whipt him smartly,  
 “ and he darted me through among  
 “ the ladies, like an arrow from a  
 “ Tartar's bow. By the boar-spear of  
 “ Adonis, it was most amazing how  
 “ he ran! I was offered fifty guineas  
 “ for him. I should have said,

“ But, as the devil would have it,  
 “ the fox very soon threw us out, and  
 “ our hounds were at fault. So while  
 “ they were beating about to recover  
 “ their chase, I took a career round a  
 “ little hill that lay before us, and  
 “ came forth at the farther side to  
 “ meet the company in the plain.”

“ And so,”

“ Well,



“ Well, as I was pricking on the  
 “ plain, on a sudden I heard the  
 “ hounds all open, and saw them  
 “ making towards me with prodigious  
 “ fury. They had fallen upon the  
 “ scent, Ma’am, which came from my  
 “ horse; and indeed, by reason of the  
 “ fingeing, he had some sort of a smell.  
 “ I had now nothing for it but flight :  
 “ I scoured across the plain: the gen-  
 “ tlemen halloo’d, and encouraged  
 “ the hounds, thinking they had got  
 “ upon the right scent, and that I had  
 “ only run a-head of them by my  
 “ keenness in the chase, and the fleet-  
 “ ness of my horse. I bawled for help,  
 “ but my voice was drowned by the  
 “ hounds and horns and shouts of  
 “ the sportsmen. I tickled up my  
 “ gelding, kioking and whipping as  
 “ hard as I could—indeed he did  
 “ wonders. By the beard of Nim-  
 “ rod, it was most astonishing how  
 “ he flew! But all was in vain. After  
 “ a chace

" a chace of three miles, I found  
 " the dogs gaining on me fast, and  
 " began to fear the fate of Acteon :  
 " as my last resource, therefore, I re-  
 " solved to dismount and, stand at bay :  
 " I did so; and in a moment the hounds  
 " were around me, as fierce as the fu-  
 " ries of Acheron. Jowler! Blanche!  
 " Tray! cried I, and clackt my long  
 " whip: but had not my boots and  
 " breeches been of excellent work-  
 " manship, they would have clawed  
 " me to some tune, before Mr. Funk  
 " got up with me and called them  
 " off. While Mr. Funk was calling  
 " them off, the Colonel came up in a  
 " great heat, swearing I was the first  
 " man that had ever topt his hounds :  
 " but what have you got? said he, is  
 " it a fox, or a badger? It is the  
 " devil! said I, pointing to my horse.  
 " He immediately smelt my meaning,  
 " and stopping his nose, fire and fury!  
 " cried he, this is a badger indeed, but  
 " the

“ the largest I ever saw !—Ladies and  
 “ gentlemen, we have had a damn’d  
 “ fine chace ; and here is the badger  
 “ turned out to be Mr. Dibble him-  
 “ self.”

After this curious relation, Windmill took Sir Toby and Hawthorn into another room, where he held them in conversation for half an hour ; and upon returning to the company, they all three declared that an unexpected piece of business had occurred, which required their immediate presence at Venville, and would unfortunately detain them all the next day, so that they could not have the pleasure of attending the ladies to the chace ; and accordingly they departed, receiving several hearty curses for their desertion from 'Squire Woodbine, who sent immediately for Mr. Brook to supply their place in some degree.



## C H A P. XIX.

THE HUNT—LORD KILMADOCK AND HIS  
LADY ARRIVE—MR. DIBBLE IS SHOT  
FOR INCONTINENCE—AND OTHER CO-  
MICAL MATTERS.

DEEP silence reigned on land and  
wave; serene was the air and ruddy  
the sky; while the amorous zephyr,  
just awaked from sleep, came softly  
sighing along the vale, stealing balmy  
kisses from the daisy and the violet,  
that fidgeting bent their blushing heads  
furcharged with dew.

On a moss-grown stone, by the gate  
of Birkhall, sat the Reverend Mr.  
Brook, waiting for his companions;  
a book of homilies in his hand. For  
him came forth Laura, Polly, and  
Mr. Dibble; the Squire having re-  
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fused to rise. Just as they were about  
 to mount, a horseman in livery came  
 suddenly down the avenue at full  
 speed, and putting a French horn to  
 his mouth, blew a blast which was  
 harsher and filthier, if possible, than  
 the drones of an ill-tuned bag-pipe.  
 They could not help laughing at the  
 enormous nose of this horn-player,  
 which was not unlike that of the per-  
 sonage who performs on the same in-  
 strument in the Rake's Progress. Hav-  
 ing finished his tune, he advanced,  
 without moving his cap, and with a  
 stern voice delivered compliments from  
 Lord Kilmadock and his Lady, who  
 he said were just at hand, intending to  
 share the diversion of the chase.

The Parson had never heard of such  
 a Peer before, and was for refusing  
 their company; but Mr. Dibble assured  
 him that he knew them very well, par-  
 ticularly the Lady, who he affirmed was  
 once in love with himself, and had been

bold

in

very

very merry with him long before she married Kilmadock. He declared, moreover, that Kilmadock was a pitiful, pimping, filly fellow; and that though they had been married nine months, the Lady's shape was still as good as on her wedding-night.

Mr. Dibble spoke all this entirely by guess, out of mere vanity; yet when they made their appearance, they agreed pretty well with his description. My Lord was only an ordinary sort of a figure, in a red coat, and a hunting cap; but my Lady was a strapper indeed. She was drest in a green riding suit, and her hat was loaded with the spoils of many an ostrich, which added mightily to her natural height. She made a motion to alight; and Mr. Dibble, always obsequious and observant to the fair, ran to help her down. My Lady was by no means shy; for with the utmost familiarity she leapt into his arms.



The shock was far too heavy for the delicate limbs of the Beau: to the ground he fell, and she above him, with a horrible squelsh.

At this my Lord dismounted, and hobbled up to his wife, whom, with the help of the Parson, he hawled up; and in so doing greatly relieved Mr. Dibble, who was puffing and panting for breath beneath her. So great was the vanity of this grammarian, that at times it in a manner absorbed every other passion and feeling of his soul. Even then it made him lose all sense of interest and of danger; for utterly forgetting that Miss Polly was at his elbow, and Lord Kilmadock before his face, he instantly resolved to make love to the Peerefs. Accordingly crawling up, and hirpling towards her as well as he could, after several contortions of his arms, and three bows, at each of which a man might have stood upon his rump, he thus began:

“ The

“ The youth who drove the chariot  
 “ of the sun felt not more dire dis-  
 “ grace, when hurled from the pitch  
 “ of heaven he fell among the waves  
 “ of the Po. He lost only his life;  
 “ but I, in this preposterous fall, have  
 “ lost my heart, and am condemned a  
 “ living death to bear. How could  
 “ my heart, indeed, by nature woven  
 “ of the softest texture, resist the kill-  
 “ ing glances of these eyes ! resist the  
 “ contact of that heavenly breast ! ”

“ No more of your gibberish,” quoth  
 my Lord ; “ my wife’s eyes and bosom  
 “ are well enough, damme ; but I  
 “ wear a whip, Sir ; and so let’s to  
 “ horse, the day wears away. Come,  
 “ Harriet, give us a hunting song.”—  
 “ Really,” says her Ladyship, “ I am  
 “ so confused by this odious fall—and  
 “ besides I got a mighty bad cold late-  
 “ ly—hem, hem,—*Hark bark the joy-  
 “ inspiring horn, &c.*”

Her voice was none of the best; and the brisk trot, at which they now put on towards the field, caused rather more trills and beatings than were necessary; so that by the time the song was ended they were got into the lawn. Here Mr. Brook, intending to make a run, and forgetting that he had that morning armed his heels with a pair of sharp new spurs, clapped them briskly to the flanks of his nag, as he was wont to do when he wore only boots. The high-mettled steed, unaccustomed to the action of those instruments, immediately flung up his hinder legs, and threw the Parson on his neck. There he hung sprawling, till the nag performed a circular career, to the great diversion of the spectators. At length, however, he recovered the saddle, and rode up to the company with a very good grace, railing most bitterly against the skittish jade.

But



But Mr. Dibble, thinking to cut a figure in the eyes of Lady Kilmadock, affirmed, that the Parson could not ride; said that the horse was a very good-conditioned beast; and offered to make him prance and curvet to the astonishment of the whole world; yea, or to gallop on a bridge of two inches breadth over the gulf of Tartarus.

At this the Parson dismounted, and having cunningly slackened his girth, desired Mr. Dibble to give them a specimen of his horsemanship. Dibble readily consented, and, quitting his own horse, went directly to mount the Parson's, flourishing his whip, and crying "Hoix, hoix, hoix-a-boy!" But just as he was springing from the ground, the Parson discharged a terrible smack from his whip; the nag flew off at the gallop; the saddle turned round; and the unfortunate Beau stood in the stirrup, in unspeak-

able anguish, holding fast by the tail and the mane. In that position he continued, till the nag took his way through a bramble-brake, and left him fairly in the middle of a bush.

Mr. Brook soon caught his horse; and having adjusted the saddle, mounted and rode up to Mr. Dibble. "How do you like my courser?" quoth the Parson; "is he not an easy-riding, soft, well-conditioned beast?"

"*A tous les diables!*" cried Mr. Dibble, picking the thorns out of his backside; "may I be peckt and be gnawn by the vulture of Prometheus, if ever I suffered such disgrace before! Most beautiful Lady, excuse my confusion: and I beseech you, my noble Lord, do me the justice to believe, that this fall, or overthrow, or miscarriage, so to speak, happened through no default of skill in me, but through the insufficiency of Mr. Brook's furniture;"

“ ture; as I will shew your Lordship;  
 “ if I could get out of this cursed  
 “ bush. This villanous bramble so  
 “ pricks me in the thigh ! but, ’tis no  
 “ matter ; every body, Ma’am, must  
 “ be pricked some way or other in  
 “ this world.”

In a few minutes, however, he made shift to get on horseback, though looking somewhat crest-fallen : but this obscurity did not remain on his countenance above four seconds ; for, after he had shaken himself in his saddle, to see that all was right, he again assumed his thoughtless face, and prancing up to Lady Kilmadock, immediately began to entertain her with that small rattle at which he was so dextrous. The other two Ladies followed, with my Lord and the Parson, talking about the wind and the rain, and other matters of importance.

They had not proceeded far in this manner, when Lady Kilmadock com-



ing close to Mr. Dibble, whispered a few sentences in his ear, of which I could never obtain any satisfactory account; but they were certainly very pithy, and persuasive; for suddenly both he and he went off at full speed, and in a trice got out of sight, by doubling the rock at the bottom of the valley. "Fire and fury!" cried my Lord, clapping spurs to his horse, "what the devil is this? that damned Schoolmaster has run away with my wife! Help me, Reverend Sir, to find the villain." The Parson, astonished at this event, put his beast to the height of its mettle, to keep up with the headlong Peer: they whipped and spurred like two jockies in the last round of the last heat.

They now entered a grove from whence the voices came; Lady Rismadock's palfrey stood tied to a tree; and she herself lay all on the bank so green, with Mr. Dibble sprawling in  
 her

her arms. "Fire and damnation!"  
 cried my Lord, "nife, villain! get  
 away from my Harriet, that I may  
 put thee to death!" Saying this he  
 fired a large clumsy pistol right at the  
 breast of the unfortunate Beau. The  
 Beau reeled, but did not fall; at which  
 Mr. Brook was not a little amazed,  
 seeing his breast all streaming with  
 blood. But how was his amazement  
 increased, when the long-nosed foot-  
 man came up, with the two Ladies,  
 who were both laughing with all  
 their force! The footman pulled off  
 his cap to his Lord, his nose fell on  
 the ground, and he was instantly  
 known for Mr. Thomas Hawthorn.  
 It now appeared also pretty clearly,  
 that Lady Kilmadock was the iden-  
 tical Andrew Windmill, Esq. dressed  
 in a habit of his mother's, his eye-  
 brows whitened, and his cheeks daub-  
 ed with carmine: and that the noble  
 husband of this beautiful lady was no  
 longer

other than the philosopher Sir Toby Martlet, disguised in his grandfire's antique jupe, a wig which on Sundays was wont to adorn the head of farmer M'Guffock; a cap borrowed from Windmill's stable-boy, some burnt cork streaked on his eyebrows, and some red oker rubbed on his nose.

Dibble, perceiving that they had played the stale school-boys trick upon him, of shooting him with a pudding, ran up to embrace Lady Kilmadock, that he might give her a share of his blood: but that nymph dreading his purpose, leaped very nimbly into her side-saddle astride, and kept aloof from him. Upon which he turned suddenly to my Lord, and in a very affectionate salute, gave him the best half of his shot again. The figure which the philosopher now made cannot be described; and a more risible one can hardly be imagined: for the laugh being fairly turned against him, his disgraced



gured countenance looked so ruefully from under the snout of his velvet cap, that it drew tears of mirth from every eye.

The ladies, satisfied with the sport, declared they would ride no farther in search of game, but return strait with the news of the chase to Mr. Woodbine. Dibble hearing this, mounted his horse, and made off at full speed to the castle; where he changed his cloaths, and told the 'Squire a hundred lies before the rest of the company arrived. They spent some time, indeed, endeavouring in vain to persuade Sir Toby to accompany them. He had been wheedled by Windmill to take a part in this farce, under pretence of revenging the bloody criticisms which Dibble had made on Minvela; but now perceiving that the ridicule would fall as heavy on himself as on his foe, he departed in sullen mood for his own home.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XX.

## CONTAINING A NEW PLAY.

BUT some few days thereafter, he discovered, as he thought, a much better opportunity of revenge. He perceived, with agreeable surprize, this bill on his gate.

## FOR A CHARITABLE PURPOSE.

This Evening,

At the Theatre in PLASH-TOWN,

Will be performed, the Tragedy of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo - - Mr. DIBBLE.

(Being his first Appearance.)

&c.

&c.

To which will be added, a Musical Comedy, never performed on any Stage, called

THE PRINCESS OF TARENTO.

Upon enquiry at the Theatre, he found that the after-piece was the production of Mr. Hawthorn. He instantly

instantly decreed the damnation both of the new performer and the new piece. He forthwith purchased a dozen tickets, which he distributed among his ploughmen and threshers, commanding them to provide themselves with proper ammunition, as rotten eggs, turnips, &c. and to keep near him in the pit.

His eagerness defeated its purpose: for Mr. Dock, like a skilful manager, had not only raised his prices that night, but also railed in the upper half of his pit, which was filled with gentry, while they of the common file crammed in below till they were each "in shape no bigger than an agate stone on the fore-finger of an Alderman." The arms of Sir Toby's myrmidons were so pinned down on their sides as to render their shot useless. All that remained, therefore, was for himself to hiss, which he failed not to do most violently, upon the  
the



the entrance of Mr. Dibble; but that discordant note was drowned in an universal clap. Romeo therefore went through his part with infinite spirit and confidence, exciting more applause by the exquisite absurdity of his playing, than a first-rate performer, by the most perfect acting, could have done. Towards the catastrophe, the plaudits still increased; and when he died, he was actually *encored*—a compliment which was never paid to any other tragedian, except once at Edinburgh, in Macbeth, to that admirable actor, original author, honourable manager, and most respectable gentleman, Humphry Chitterling, Esquire.

The entertainment was received with as loud, but more sincere applause. Now far it deserved such favour, the reader may determine from this copy.

END OF VOL. I.

